

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

SOME months ago I called attention to the fact that not only the chartered banks of Canada, but the loan and insurance companies, were investing fully seventy per cent. in "call loans," leaving very little for legitimate transactions, thus impoverishing the trade and commerce of the country and encouraging stock speculation unduly. The failure of two loan companies in St. Thomas, Ont., has accentuated the evil to which I endeavored to call attention. Farmers, mechanics and others who made deposits in the Atlas and Elgin Loan Societies have been entirely cleaned out by the managers having undertaken to control a market which was altogether too large for their capacity. Depositors in loan companies would doubtless avoid them altogether if they knew that the men in charge of their finances had been given unlimited liberty by the Legislature to gamble on the stock market with their funds. Loan companies are supposed to be institutions which depositors can trust because of the conservative nature of the transactions to which the managers are limited. A loan company really means an association where those who have money to deposit lend to those who desire to invest in real estate or something so capable of assessment that no loss can accrue. The Government, in its haste to favor corporations, has been inexcusable in granting powers to loan companies to speculate in stocks. Thousands of depositors have put their money in the loan societies of Ontario who would not for a moment think of speculating in stocks. That the directors of these companies or any coterie of shareholders have been able to find authority to lose this money in a stock speculation is a sin which the Government will never be able to palliate or excuse. Possibly never before has it been made so plain that the Government savings banks are not only necessary, but safe. The crash has only begun, for the market will "bump" all summer and other savings banks which have been authorized to deal in stocks will be under the grass before winter. That a big institution like Ames & Co. should have led, or at least assisted, in producing the preliminary disasters, cannot be excused by members of the firm, as entirely unconnected with the failure of what people in a large way of business consider small concerns. The condescending tone and superiority of voice which is used by Ames & Co. makes one feel that one would like to have as much gristle in one's nerves as these people possess, in order to pass over such a disastrous period. As I pointed out a couple of weeks ago, confidence in Ames & Co. was not obtained so much by financial successes, but by "religious" contributions. We may talk lightly of the concerns of St. Thomas being small, but the disaster of the people is very great. It is the county seat of my native place, and I know very well the fearful and fear-stricken faces with which the news of the suspension of these two loan societies must have been met. It is a rural district and a railroad center, in which every dollar counts for very much more than we estimate a hundred cents in a city like Toronto. Those who have their earning power left can still continue to make a living, but those who are old and out of the fight must see their savings go with a gasp that savors of the poorhouse or of poverty in old age. I read with perhaps more than ordinary interest the names of the directors who have been fooled into countenancing these crazy schemes of speculators who, if they made big money, would take it themselves, but when they lose great money let the loss fall upon their innocent colleagues. One has only to have lived in a country place, even a small city like St. Thomas, to know what such a disaster means. It means enough in a city like Toronto, but it means more in a small place—that is, a small loss creates a greater disaster in proportion. That the stock-brokers of Toronto, particularly the firm which precipitated the disaster, have encouraged or assisted, or even permitted, these managers of country loan companies to shipwreck the interests of their clients, is enough to damn them for the natural period of their lives. That they obtained confidence and contributed to the general wreckage by a profession of religion is enough to make doubtful the future happiness which their prayers and presentations would seem to entitle them to.

It seems an extraordinary situation that the savings of the many are allowed to be gambled on the stock market by the few. If this sort of thing is not corrected it is to be feared that the people will not save, but will do their own gambling, and that impoverished old age will be the result of such terrible lessons. It is perhaps idle to urge that the post-office savings bank should be used by those who have a few dollars to put away, or that the chartered banks should be entrusted with what savings we may gather together. If the people were sure that the chartered banks were paying as much as they could afford, or that the Government was encouraging frugality to the greatest possible extent, possibly this would be the case. Nothing should be left undone to deprive loan and insurance companies of a right to use their securities in speculation, or to ensure the depositor the best interest possible in institutions which are not liable to collapse.

NEWS comes from Ottawa that Jamaica and Trinidad, two of the principal colonies of the British West Indies, are looking for trade with Canada. Six months ago I was strongly impressed with the idea that Canada should bring into our Confederation some of these leading West Indian Islands. I spent nearly three months in looking over the territory and the trade opportunities, and I must confess that I came home less sure about my ideas than when I went away. It would be very difficult for Canada to bring into our Confederation "nigger" islands. I never understood until I went to those islands the meaning that Britishers have when they speak of "colonials." Colonials in the Crown colonies, and those who are given partially representative institutions, and those which have really representative government yet are still divorced from government such as we have in Canada, are naturally looked upon with a good deal of contempt by those who in an indirect way conduct the business for them in Downing street. Canada has no reason to be associated either as a colony of that sort nor its people to be mentioned as colonials in the same breath with those who are continually clamoring for help from the Mother Country. Take Trinidad and Jamaica, two islands, appealing to Canada. They are both sugar-growing localities, and have found their output at a great disadvantage owing to the sugar trust of the United States controlling legislation and practically monopolizing the market. These islands were not bounty-fed in any way; they obtained entrance to the United States for their sugar at a lower rate than the countries which assisted the production and export of products similar to theirs. That the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and Cuba will be permitted to send in their sugar will naturally enough convince the British West Indies that their product will be at a discount, that of the others going in at a favored rate. Canada will be quite justified from a British point of view in admitting West Indian sugar at a favored rate. The great trouble is that while working out this problem of British government we get nothing in return. We can get our fruit from the United Fruit Company cheaper than we can get it by way of Halifax. What are we to be given by the British West Indies or by Great Britain to relieve the very great stringency in the sugar market? It is a matter for Empire diplomacy, not for inter-colonial bargaining. The British West Indies are in a bad way. It is quite possible that we might relieve them a trifle, though we cannot take all their output. If we make sacrifices to do this we have a right to ask what sacrifices they are to make that our goods may find a market there; or, in a larger way, we feel entitled to enquire, "What is Great Britain going to do about this?" The whole Empire must act together in order that the fragments of it receive advantage. That there seems so little disposition on the part of British statesmen to take this view of it is discouraging. Nevertheless it is evident to even the most transient visitor that there must be some greater cohesion amongst the West Indies as islands than at present. Some system of confederation must be found which will produce a greater unity of action. The steamers which are subsidized by the Home Government and assisted by Canada are forced to loiter about the West Indian ports

in the most unbusinesslike manner. It would not be too much to say that half their time is spent in catering to local prejudices, and that their utility is reduced by at least fifty per cent. because of insular jealousies. That there is a requisition at Ottawa at present for a better service should not be responded to until there is some agreement that costly and well-manned steamers shall not be forced to loiter in island ports for three or four days at a time, simply because the people of that locality afford some small assistance and are unable to see that such a system must be unprofitable and exceedingly costly to those who assist such uncommercial voyaging. The British West Indies are doubtless suffering from great depression. It cannot be doubted that the tendency of the business men is strongly in the direction of dealing with their nearest and most accessible neighbor, which is the United States. But the whole thing is wrong; the organization is exceedingly defective; and while no doubt the best that can possibly be done under existing circumstances is being done, these circumstances must be entirely changed. The fact that I learned very much more than I knew before about conditions makes me slow to write or to advise, and I think if business men were to visit the British West Indies they would not only get a very strong idea that things are not right, but some of them might get an idea how to rectify what is obviously wrong.

THOUGH much has been said about it in the press of the United States, Archbishop Quigley has not denied saying at Chicago on May 4th that "since looking over the Western parochial schools he had come suddenly to the unexpected conclusion that in fifty years, if things go on as they are going, the Catholic Church will actually own the

backed by such indomitable zeal and a desire to control the situation, why should this country, which is non-sectarian to a certain extent, assist by its Separate school system, or its pandering to sectarian organizations to bring about the same unlovely result? That it will be a matter of congratulation even to the Catholics themselves to find themselves in control, is exceedingly doubtful. That it will not be a result pleasing to non-Catholics is a foregone conclusion. If the Roman Catholic Church, maintaining a small minority in Ontario, can have as much influence as it is now exercising, our position when the Church obtains the majority will be help- less and hopeless. Personally I do not believe that Archbishop Quigley is speaking by the book, but is simply "jolly- ing" the supporters of parochial schools. Roman Catholicism itself is rapidly changing in the United States, and verifying the prediction of the Irish Archbishop who said that every Irish Roman Catholic who went to the United States was a loss to the Church. This was meant in the devout sense, that the Roman Catholics who go to the United States are more or less freed from the shackles of superstitious allegiance. Possibly nothing better could happen than the obtaining of a majority by this religious sect, for then they would divest themselves of much of their present narrowness and would have to cultivate the non-Catholic minority in the same crawling and sycophantic way in which we now cultivate the Roman Catholic minority in Canada.

TALKING about the Church, it is remarked that while the Catholic party is faring badly in France it is gaining ground in Germany. This seems to me a misconception of the facts, for when the Kaiser, desiring to conciliate the Roman Catholics of his realm, proposed to create separate



THE VILLAGE POOH-BAH!

R. J. Fleming, Assessment Commissioner, to R. J. Fleming, Property Commissioner—"Pleased to congratulate you on your appointment, Bob."
R. J. Fleming, Superintendent of Cattle Market—"Me too."

West." "And within twenty years this country is going to rule the world. . . . The West will dominate the country . . . and when the United States rules the world the Catholic Church will rule the world." These are large sayings, but it is not larger than his prophecy "that in fifty years Chicago will be exclusively Catholic and that the same may be said of Greater New York and the chain of big cities stretching across the continent to Chicago." If this be a dream of Archbishop Quigley, he is welcome to have such visions if they please him, but if he derives his prophetic impulse from the inspection of parochial schools in his diocese they must be vastly more fortunate than the Separate and parochial schools with which we are acquainted in this country, where the Roman Catholics have privileges which are denied them in the United States. Statisticians say that there are about 9,200,000 Roman Catholic communicants now in the United States; about 4,600,000 Baptists; 5,900,000 Methodists; 1,700,000 Lutherans; 1,600,000 Presbyterians; 600,000 Congregationalists; 750,000 Episcopalians; 350,000 Reformed Dutch, including the President; 1,200,000 Disciples of Christ, and 1,500,000 other assorted Protestants. "Harper's Weekly," commenting on this situation, remarks, "At present, therefore, the estimated strength of the Protestants in the United States is just about double that of the Roman Catholics. But no odds need daunt the zeal of an earnest prelate, and the odds stated are not necessarily too great to be overcome in fifty years by a single organization of supreme efficiency working in competition with a dozen organizations much less efficient individually, and the rivals of each other besides."

The "Weekly" goes on to state: "Moreover, our present enormous immigration is very largely Roman Catholic, and our gain in population by immigration in the next half-century will be largely a Roman Catholic gain. Consider, too, that the Roman Catholic Church almost invariably gains a family when a Catholic marries a Protestant, and that it is much more effectual than any Protestant Church in its discouragement of the phenomenon which we have come to know as race suicide. After all, Archbishop Quigley may have said what he is said to have said. It is not so unreasonable when one comes to think it all over. But if the Western parochial schools inspire such forecasts, how long will it be before the Protestant sects will think it expedient to undertake such a degree of consolidation as shall enable them to maintain a great system of Protestant schools in which religion, as well as other things, shall be taught? Unquestionably a Church that teaches its children seven days a week will beat the churches that make no effort to teach their children more than once a week. But the field is a fair field, and open to all comers who value the stakes. Certainly 'if things go on as they are going' the Roman Catholic Church will deserve all the predominance it may win in America, even if it does so almost incredibly well as Archbishop Quigley expects."

Does not this afford a warning to Canada to keep the State and the Church separated even in educational matters? If such great progress can be made by parochial schools,

schools, the first protest came from Cologne and Limburg, the most Catholic cities in the whole of the empire. They said that they did not wish for the citizenship of the Fatherland to be divided in youth on sectarian issues, and the bill had to be abandoned for lack of friends. Recently the Government's proposal to repeal the law which excludes the Jesuits from Germany has met with a storm of disapproval, and, as is usual, it seems that the proposed invitation to the Jesuits to return was the result of a trade for the Catholic party's support of the Ministry's tariff measures. It is wonderful how the old story repeats itself in the cosmopolitan willingness of the hierarchy to trade off everything for the supposed benefit of the Church. Already the Catholic authorities are making strenuous efforts to keep the children of Catholic parents out of the Public schools. This, too, in the face of the protest made by Catholic cities years ago to prevent the sectarian division of the children of the Fatherland.

CANADA should remember that among the many orders expelled from France, this country is receiving more than one, and is fortunate or unfortunate in having large delegations who come with the professed idea of spreading Christianity, but with the central idea of establishing the Roman Catholic religion. The Oblate Fathers, from whom are none more devout and worthy, are coming here in large numbers. If Canada desires itself to become a Roman Catholic country it need not resist this incursion of those who have been asked to move themselves from the French republic, which has never been anything but Catholic. It is probably not necessary to mention anything more than the fact that we are receiving from Catholic sources doses which old-time Catholics themselves will not swallow. The non-Catholic element of this country should be awakened by these incursions and be led to enquire whether the forty-odd per cent. of Catholicism now controlling our politics will by and by be increased until it is in the majority.

AMONG all the men who have been or are in public life in the United States, no one has attracted me more than ex-President Grover Cleveland. I was familiar with his achievements when he was sheriff of Erie County, New York, in that far-away fashion that a Canadian newspaper man finds it possible to think of candidates in localities where he has no say. From the time he became noticeable until he became President he was a conspicuous and attractive figure. His speeches were of extraordinary brevity and attractive force. After he became President his speeches became longer but his power of expression did not decrease. He is spoken of as a third-term President, a suggestion which has never been offered of anybody of less greatness than General Grant. Logically, one can hardly see the reason why the public mind of the United States democracy should center so firmly about a man who has frequently been described as a "great big piece of meat." He has never pandered to the Democratic idea of using the spoils of office to their ultimate extent for the party. He was once described as a man loved by his party because

of the enemies he had made. No one who has watched his career as I have done for the last twenty-odd years can deny that this great, big embodiment of strength has a touch of genius. Everywhere and always he is recognized as a great by the people of the United States. Not long ago there was a great gathering in New York to denounce the Kishineff massacre. People gathered in Carnegie Hall to make memorable this bloody outrage, yet it was turned finally into an ovation to Grover Cleveland, who was only one of several speakers. So tumultuous was the applause he received, which broke out with every mention of his name, that the original purpose of the meeting was forgotten as the result of his presence. Even the New York "Tribune," which is a staunch Republican paper, with headlines most astonishing to the populace published an article of which the following paragraph is a fair sample:

"Mr. Cleveland came in when Mayor Low was in the middle of his speech. The instant his portly figure was seen a storm of handclapping arose, continuing while Mayor Low crossed the platform, greeted him, and escorted him to his seat. When he arose to speak, applause louder than at first met him, interrupted throughout his speech, and at the end grew into an enthusiasm which swept men and women alike off their feet, cheering wildly. Mr. Cleveland was forced to bow several times, and finally to stand waving his hands deprecatingly at his friends in the hall. So at the end of the meeting. Shouts of 'Cleveland! Cleveland!' rang through the place, and the audience, in spite of a few policemen, surged on to the platform, almost overpowering Mr. Cleveland, who was finally rescued and led to an ante-room."

As has been pointed out by the press of New York, that city is not the whole nation, and it is quite possible for Cleveland to have an enthusiastic following there—though there is no reason why he should have it except it can be found in his Presidential record—and yet be scarcely mentioned in a national convention. A consensus of the opinions expressed by newspapers all over the South, the East and the West, however, indicates that he will be the Democratic nominee when the Democrats meet to name their candidate. In spite of his violence on the Venezuelan affair, I must admit my enthusiasm for Cleveland. He is the only statesman in the Democratic party. Though following much further off in his case than I did in my admiration of Sir William Meredith and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, I must confess to having made him one of my few political idols. No doubt I ought to be ashamed of it; nevertheless I think I would be happy if Sir Wilfrid were given some position of importance in the British Empire, Sir William Meredith entrusted with an appointment more fitting his size than the one he enjoys, and the fat, ugly, undemonstrative Grover Cleveland given a third term as President of the United States.

IT is quite possible that the three hundred eminent electricians from all over Canada and from the chief cities of the United States who celebrated their reunion in the King Edward Hotel, were quite correct in stigmatizing "civic ownership as a mere craze." "Eminent electricians" are apt to think of their jobs as being more profitable when their salaries are paid by corporations rather than by cities. Degeneration into a mere employee of a municipal corporation is not attractive to the "eminent electrician." However, it must be remembered that we are not all "eminent electricians," but merely the users of electricity, and that we may well let ourselves loose on "a mere craze" and let the men who think it is silly hustle for employment other than they now possess. It seems an unkindness to oppose what so fine a convention of "eminent electricians" advocate, but the people who are looking after their own business cannot be expected to be exceedingly strenuous in looking after the maintenance of the salaries of those who are fortunate because the public is being oppressed.

THE Collingwood mystery is not the first nor yet the second murder which has baffled the skill of detectives in this province within the past few months. The slayer of Quirk, the Brantford hotelkeeper, went unwhipped of justice. Shortly afterwards a woman was done to death in her own home at Niagara Falls, and though her body was yet warm when found, and a large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, the detectives fumbled about after clues for a day or two and then the case dropped out of sight. At Collingwood a little girl was bludgeoned and shot in broad daylight within a few yards of a habitation, and close by a railway track where people seem to have been constantly coming and going about the hour of the murder. The officers of the law were completely nonplussed and at sea until helped out by the extraordinary and almost incredible story of a woman who claims to have seen the girl attacked by two strangers, yet said nothing of the occurrence for days afterwards, though the whole village was in a ferment of excitement. Either the skill of detectives is deteriorating or that of criminals is becoming more acute. The ideal detective is supposed to have powers of observation and deduction abnormally developed, but may it not be that constant association with the coarse and morbid blunts those nicely-balanced senses and intuitions which must be of the highest service in probing a murder mystery? The man who has spent his whole life in touch with the criminal mind may be well qualified to construe the motives of the professional crook but utterly at sea in dealing with those of the murderer, who is usually not an habitual criminal, but has acted under the sway of some extraordinary and overmastering incentive or passion. Crimes of passion and violence are in a wholly different category from ordinary breaches of criminal law, and the order of intelligence fitted to cope with forgers or confidence men or pickpockets may be much below that required to deal with the criminal of passion. Among the many suggestions that are being offered with regard to the provincial detective force, it might not be amiss to consider the advisability of a little specialization, giving one man charge of all murder cases and keeping him out of touch with those lesser cases which in time must take the fine edge off his intuition and understanding of human nature in general.

THE REV. DR. DEWART, whose death occurred so suddenly on Wednesday, was one of the great figures of Methodism in Ontario, but he belonged to the Methodism of a day and generation now gone by. It was many years since he had preached on circuit, and it is hard to believe that it is now almost ten years since his pen directed the editorial policy of the organ of Methodism in Canada. Since giving up his ministerial duties, however, Dr. Dewart had not been an idler. He continued to write, and occasionally preach, and he devoted himself with unremitting interest and zeal to political discussion and the fortunes of the Liberal party. Dr. Dewart was essentially and fundamentally a party man. He never sought to veil or to excuse his political bias. Had he done so it might have fared better with him in some respects. The preacher in politics is not an edifying spectacle to the average citizen. Dr. Dewart suffered for his candid and uncompromising attachment to party, but that was a big man mentally and spiritually there was never any doubt; even his opponents would admit as much. At the age of seventy-five he could look back over a career full of stirring incident and achievement, and no one can say that such a life was a narrow or unworthy one.

IT would be interesting to know by whose request Uncle Andrew Carnegie connected the long and labored explanation of his efforts to Canada and Canadians which appeared in Monday's "Globe." That it was in response to someone's urgent plea is patent, for the laird of Skibo is not in such close touch with Canadian opinion that he would in the ordinary course be aware of the indignation which his words had aroused in this country. For the opinion of Andrew Carnegie in his private capacity, of course, no Canadian cares a fig, but the fact that this traducer of the Dominion and its people had been invited to become a benefactor of our principal cities gave his words a significance and a sting which would not attach to them under other circumstances. The one noticeable thing about the column-long letter which Uncle Andy was induced to send to his friend and fellow countryman, the editor of the "Globe," and not

to the other papers of Toronto, was that it was an "explanation" which failed to explain and an "apology" which fell short of apologizing. To say that a person who had no right so to do, reported the words of a private conversation without their author's knowledge or consent, is not to assert that the offensive words were not used. As a matter of fact, the laird of Skibo does not venture to deny that he did use such expressions; his only defence is that they should not have been reported. Uncle Andrew should have a better memory. He had already, some weeks before writing the "Globe" letter, sent another explanation by cable to the Mayor of Sydney, C.B., where steps were being taken to repudiate him and his benefactions. This first explanation was in the following terms, and it will occur to any ordinary reader that it does not quite "jibe" with the version he now gives in the "Globe": "Very sorry a few detached words gave offence. The word mirage was used in reply to the question whether the Sydney operations menaced the United States under the head of steel production, and had no reference to your patriotic efforts to develop your resources, in which I wish you abundant success. My wish is to restore the union of North America and Britain. Instead of maintaining two divisions we would rule the world for peace. If one of you come to Skibo Castle I could convert you sure. Meanwhile pray accept expression of deep regret that anything offensive has arisen."

Uncle Andrew's memory should also cause him to reflect that he has said much harsher things about Canada and Canadians in one of his books than in any interview, which can not be explained away as misleading or unauthorized. These things in the pages of "Triumph of Democracy" were written in cold blood and were doubtless a candid and deliberate expression of opinion. Old Uncle Andy may be a very cute and clever gentleman, but he cannot escape from a dilemma created by his too active tongue, by such shifts courses as he seems to have adopted in the present case.

THE Dominion House of Commons is putting on a raiment which does not fit the democratic institutions and impulses of Canada. No province gave over to the Federal Parliament, either at Confederation or since, the power to trifle away such rights as are necessary to the people as they go about the streets and are unhindered by appliances intended for the convenience of those who can coax or buy the consent of men who sit at Ottawa, presumably to protect the populace, but practically to barter the rights of the people to the first joyous solicitor who comes along asking for the support of the gay-handed soon who has been elected for a constituency. Our streets are our own. The farmers have a right to say that their roads are their own. The Dominion Parliament has no right to say that these arteries of communication are to be used for Dominion purposes when as a matter of fact such a declaration would simply mean that they are to be used for corporation purposes. Never more than now has it seemed so imperative that provincial powers should be insisted upon in matters where localism rather than nationalism must be most regarded. It seems to me that some members of Parliament should be confined in the nearest lunatic asylum, for after the craze which induces them to seek nomination and the terrible tribulation which they find necessary to election, they seem to entirely separate themselves from what everybody who has not gone through the same experience believes to be the public good, and apparently offer themselves for sale to the most anxious bidder. It is really sickening to those who watch the progress of public events to see how few public men devote themselves without mortgaging their votes to corporations, to the people who elect them. Some time it may become fashionable for representatives of constituencies to do the decent thing in order to become so popular that their re-election will be a certainty. Popularity is, after all, not a mean thing nor something to be despised. The popularity to be had of a telephone company, that one can obtain from an electric company, a telegraph line or a railroad corporation, ceases when the benefit desired is obtained. To really represent the people may appear to be unprofitable for the moment, but to have the popular affection is a lasting and gentle thing that everybody should desire.

RECENTLY in San Francisco some enquiry was made into the charitable work done by voluntary associations. It was undertaken by the Merchants' Association, and much good is being accomplished. The following paragraph from a San Francisco paper is worth reproduction: "More harm can be done by indiscriminate giving in charity than by not giving at all. The Merchants' Association, with its admirable habit of getting at facts, began an investigation of the charity conditions in this city, and while what they found out was to have been expected, it is surprising to many people. The people of this city are charitably inclined, and give freely. The committee found that the various charitable organizations were receiving \$1,000,000 a year. In other words, the people were giving an average of \$2.92 per capita, which is more than is given in any other place in the world. But the giving was entirely indiscriminate. Instead of a few responsible organizations, each covering its own field, there were a number of petty societies, overlapping in their work and squabbling among themselves. These conditions attracted a number of unprincipled solicitors, who made a profession of charity, and depended for their success upon their ability to deceive. Such people naturally develop illegitimate and harmful institutions, though even the legitimate institutions were tempted to avail themselves of their services. The charities investigating committee has been formed to remedy the evil. It is composed of two members from the Merchants' Association, two from the Associated Charities, and two from outside charities. It investigates all charitable organizations, supervises their finances, and not only endorses those that are worthy, but determines how much support each should receive. With such systematic work much good should be accomplished."

Social and Personal.

MRS. GOLDWIN SMITH will give an At Home on Tuesday afternoon, June 30th, at the Grange, from half-past four to seven o'clock, which will, weather permitting, be the usual "garden tea" always so delightful. Whatever amiability the weather man possesses seems to have been used up last month, for of all the—but what's the use? He doesn't care for scoldings!

Miss Edith McLeod, who suffered a good deal from rheumatism last season has been for some time at Hot Springs, and returned to town last week.

The marriage of Miss Agnes Carruthers Drynan, youngest of the graceful daughters of Mr. John Drynan, 75 Queen's Park, and Mr. John Howard Temple of Liverpool, took place on Tuesday afternoon in the Church of the Redeemer, the former and present rectors officiating. The church was profusely decorated with palms and peonies. Miss Drynan's wedding dress was white chiffon, panelled with fine lace, the lace also "en berthe" and forming cuffs with fine lace, the wide, drooping sleeves. The bride veil was of silk net, worn with orange blossoms, and the bouquet of roses, carnations and lily of the valley. The jewel was a diamond pendant, the groom's gift. Four bridesmaids, Miss Phillips, Miss Nelson, Miss Lily Waldie and Miss Alice Stewart, the last named acting as "first" maid, attended the bride, in white chiffon trimmed with lily lace in panel and cape collar style, and pale blue Liberty girdles and hats of blue to match, with tips and plumes. The bouquets were of pink roses, tied with pale blue tulle. Mr. Thomas Temple was his brother's best man. Mr. Eustace Harrison of Liverpool, Mr. D. Baxter and Dr. D. King Smith were the ushers. A small page (Jack Drynan the third) and a little flower girl, Miss Evelyn Evans, completed the party. The Drynan residence was finely decorated, and a reception and dejeuner there followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Temple will live in England, where another of the family, Mrs. Evans, settled some years ago.

Miss Florence Phillips has gone to England. Mrs. S. G. Beatty and her second daughter are going to Switzerland, where Miss Gussie Beatty will spend a year at school. Miss Beatty and her mother will return in the autumn, as Miss Norton Beatty is to be a bridesmaid at the Kemp-Walsh wedding at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison of Crescent road gave a tally-ho party to the opening of the Lamont Golf Club House on Saturday, after which the guests dined with their hosts at their charming home in "Spotless Town." The whole outing and hospitality was of the most enjoyable, and Mr. and Mrs. Morrison received many compliments upon its success.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Rowand entertained a number of her granddaughter, Miss Dora Rowand, friends at a pleasant tea given in honor of Miss Hanson of Montreal, who is the guest of Mrs. Arthur Pepler. Among those who enjoyed the informal reunion were Mrs. Osborne, Mrs.

TYPES OF CANADIAN BEAUTY.

VIII.



(Photo by Frederick Lyonde.)

D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Pepler, Miss Hanson, Miss Seymour, Miss Cawthra, Miss Campbell Renton, Mrs. Payne, Miss Todd, Mr. D. Harman, Mr. Des Voeux, Mr. Stewart Greer, Mr. Norman Perry, Mr. Alfred Beaudre.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Kirkpatrick and her daughters gave a cosy and informal little tea in honor of Miss Mackenzie, who is out from England on a visit to her brother, Mr. Gordon Mackenzie. After a pleasant greeting in the drawing-room, the guests repaired to the dining-room, where a pretty tea-table, with lace mats on the shining mahogany and decorations of pink roses and carnations, was presided over by the Misses "Dot" Kirkpatrick and Jessie McMurry. Among the guests were Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. Le Mesurier, Mrs. Oliver Mackenzie, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Mrs. McMurry, Mrs. A. E. Denison. The Misses Gertrude and May Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Porter are abroad, and in Dresden one of the Misses Kirkpatrick had a narrow escape from a serious accident, her veil and hat having been accidentally set afire, but fortunately promptly extinguished.

The marriage of one of the prettiest girls on the East Side, Miss Muriel Simpson, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Simpson of 102 Winchester street, and Mr. Ernest Frankin Lazier of Hamilton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lazier, took place at three o'clock on Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. Cleaver officiating. The whole house was garlanded and festooned with daisy chains and syringa, and a marriage bell of daisies hung from the center of a number of festoons of these pretty flowers in the palm-banked bay window, where the young people stood for their bridal ceremony. The bride's dress was of one of the new modish white fabrics, encrusted with squares of heavy white lace, and a broad bertha collar of the lace was smartly arranged. She wore a large veil of silk net and a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, white sweet peas, and ferns. The maid of honor was Miss "Dollie" Kemp of Castle Frank, who wore pale blue and white, with a white picture hat, and carried a huge nosegay of white roses. Mr. Arthur Morgan of Hamilton was best man, and Mr. Kenneth Simpson, lately returned from South Africa, was a welcome member of the bridal party, and with Mr. Lazier, brother of the groom, ushered the bride's procession between barriers of white ribbons. The ceremony was very short and the bride was, at its close, smothered with kisses and good wishes from loving relatives and friends, of whom she has always been a great pet. The bridegroom's father, mother and two sisters were down for the wedding, the handsome parents looking very proud of their new daughter. Mrs. Lazier looked very well indeed in pale fawn and pink with a charming flower hat, and quite too youthful to be mother of a happy bridegroom. A number of other out-of-town friends attended the wedding. The dining-room was set apart for the display of gifts, which were quite unique for richness and beauty, a salver full of cheques being a notable object among them. The Italian orchestra played in the hall, and, after the wedding, on the lawn, where a huge marquee was erected for the dejeuner, and where the members of the Alpha Delta Phi gave the happy bride and groom a send-off in the shape of a chorus and the society's "yell." Then Mr. and Mrs. Lazier left on the Niagara boat for their honeymoon, the bride looking bewitchingly pretty in a dark blue travelling costume and hat, with white lace trimmings, and confetti and rice falling in a merry hail upon her and her young husband as they fled to their carriage, on which hung a pretty horse-shoe of white flowers. Several engaged couples were at this wedding. Miss Kemp and Mr. Waldie, Miss Barker and Mr. Jones, among them. Miss Barker looked particularly nice in a "Bishop" gown of cream white canvas paillette in gold, and a lovely stole collar of fine Irish lace. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Barker able to take her place among her niece's wedding guests, and the esteemed great-aunt of the bride. Mrs. Byers of Kingston, at nearly fourscore, was one of the gayest and happiest of them all. Mr. and Mrs. Lazier will reside in Hamilton. Some of the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Cleaver, Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane and Miss McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Land, Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Mr. Ed and Miss Barker, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty and Miss Gussie Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood and the Misses and Mr. Eastwood, Dr. Hardy, Mr. R. Geary, Mr. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp of Castle Frank, Miss White of Woodstock, Mrs. and Miss Hay of Woodstock, Mr. Delmar Cavendish, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kemp, Mr. Gurney, Mrs. and the Misses Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Bastedo.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House entertained a number of friends at dinner this and last week. Every occasion on which their charming hospitality is enjoyed reminds regretful friends that for each it may be the last time they will meet in Rosedale House. The "on dits" are hurrying Mr. and Mrs. Ridout to England, but I understand they will not leave until October or November, as they have always intended.

Many college and school closings are taking up the present less exigent season. Last Friday those dear and clever "coeds," the Normal kindergarten girls, gave such a pretty closing, which as usual was interesting exceedingly. Next Monday and Tuesday friends of Moulton Hall, McMaster University, are welcome at Castle Memorial Hall. McMaster University, on Monday, 22nd, the alumnae receive after eight p.m., and on Tuesday, 23rd, are the graduating exercises. On Thursday next St. Monica's School will have a prize distribution and physical culture drill. On Wednesday, 24th, there will be a distribution of prizes at Bishop Strachan School, with a piano and song recital at 8.15 p.m. at Wykeham Hall. This afternoon a garden party at Upper Canada College, to which guests are asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Auden, the new principal and his wife, will, weather permitting, be held from three to half-past six o'clock. On Tuesday evening, 23rd, the Presbyterian Ladies' College will hold their fourteenth annual commencement in the assembly hall adjoining the college. Yesterday a garden party was on at St. Andrew's College, with a distribution of prizes from four to seven. The presentation of prizes will be made at St. George's College on Tuesday, 23rd, at three o'clock. There will be a garden party in the grounds

of the Western Hospital this afternoon and evening from three to eleven o'clock, at which the 48th Highlanders' band will give two concerts.

One of the pretty "daisy" weddings of the week was that of Miss Claire Eby, youngest daughter of Mr. H. D. Eby, and Mr. William Findlay, son of Rev. Dr. Findlay of Barrie, which was celebrated in Old St. Andrew's Church on Wednesday afternoon, and followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, 134 Bloor street west. The father of the groom, assisted by the pastor, Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., of ficiated. The bride wore white Liberty satin, tucked and French knotted and trimmed with lily lace, tulle veil and orange wreath, and carried white roses and lily of the valley. Miss Helen Harris was maid of honor, in white silk and lace, and white "daisy" hat. Miss McCrimmon of St. Thomas and Miss McMurry of Montreal were bridesmaids in white embroidered grenadine over yellow, yellow sashes, and "daisy" hats. They carried shepherd's crooks with nosegays of daisies and wore daisy pearl pins, the groom's gifts. Mr. Sanford Smith was best man and the ushers were Mr. Douglas Eby, Mr. Stewart Playfair, Mr. Bert Proctor and Mr. Sydney Band. The reception was favored with that rare thing, a burst of sunshine, and the merry strains of music, good wishes and laughter filled the outer air as the company sought the marquee for the usual good things. Mr. and Mrs. Findlay went east for their honeymoon, and on their return will take up house at 8 Linden street. The bride looked very pretty in a travelling costume of grey cloth, white blouse, and grey hat, with blue. The wedding gifts were quite elegant.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday morning at Wesley Methodist Church, the bride being Miss Ollie Roberts, youngest daughter of Mrs. William Roberts, and the bridegroom Mr. Gordon N. Sals, second son of Mr. Julian Sale. Rev. Dr. Tovell performed the ceremony. The pretty bride wore a traveling suit of dark blue silk, made with shirred skirt and blouse, and deep cape of cream taffeta edged with a ruching of cream chiffon finished with baby ribbon; a blue toque trimmed with white apple blossoms, and a stole of cream chiffon and swansdown. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses and carnations. She was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. Harold A. Arnold, and attended by her sister, Miss Lottie B. Roberts, as maid of honor, and by another sister, Mrs. Harold A. Arnold, as matron of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Sale, after their return from their wedding trip, will reside in Cecil street.

Mrs. Albert Gillespie (nee Martin of Winnipeg) received for the first time since her marriage Wednesday and Thursday afternoons at 300 Avenue road, in her wedding gown of dotted white chiffon trimmed with loops of white satin ribbon, caught with seed pearls and ruchings of chiffon edged with baby ribbon, a berthe of Duchess lace, the yoke studded with seed pearls. Mrs. Gillespie was assisted in receiving by Miss Deda Gillespie, who wore a dainty white organdie gown, inserted and tucked. In the dining-room, which was prettily arranged with marguerites and peonies, Mrs. John Gillespie, in a handsome grey costume touched with violet panne and a violet hat, had charge of the tea-table, which was decorated with Bride's roses in cut glass bowls. Mrs. Duncan Macdonald, in white etamine, Miss Belle Nash, in cream voile with trimmings of Escorial lace, and little Miss Julie Gillespie, in pale blue muslin, assisted.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Simon's Church on Saturday at 3.30 p.m., when Miss Grace Gertrude Robinson, daughter of Mr. W. J. Robinson, became the wife of Mr. Graham B. Kelsey. The ceremony was performed by the rector of the church, Rev. E. C. Cayley. The bride wore a smart going-away gown of white canvas, in Monte Carlo style, with dainty forget-me-nots and lace hat, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. Her bridesmaid, Miss Hazelwood Baker, wore a pretty mauve dimity gown, with lily lace trimmings. Mr. Fred J. L. Harrison was best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Caldwell are now settled at 75 Queen street, Truro, N.S. Mrs. Caldwell is nursing her eldest little son, who was accidentally hurt by a young friend while playing some days ago. The little chap has been rather seriously ill from the effects of the accident.

The Dean of Trinity and Mrs. Rigby are giving an At Home next Wednesday afternoon from five to seven o'clock.

Mrs. R. S. Smellie has issued invitations for a verandah tea at her Island home, on Thursday, June 25th, at four o'clock.

In St. Anne's Church, on Wednesday, was celebrated the wedding of Miss Edna Greer, daughter of Mr. William Greer, inspector provincial detectives, and Mr. William Marselles, assistant private secretary to the Attorney-General. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Lawrence Skeay. The bridesmaid was Miss Margaret Marselles of Brantford, and Dr. H. Topplewell of Brantford was best man.

Miss Campbell of the Junction, daughter of Mr. Archie Campbell, sails on the 26th for England via Montreal.

Mrs. B. S. Cook of Fordwich announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Janet Cook, to Dr. D. Rolston Dunlop of Shallow Lake. The marriage will take place on the 30th inst.

The marriage of Miss Flora Dell McKellar, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Lauchlan McKellar and Mrs. Lauchlan McKellar of 213 Carlton street, to Mr. Percival Monroe Ingles of Brantford will take place very quietly this evening.

The marriage of Miss Addie A. C. Norris, daughter of Mr. W. P. Norris, to Mr. Alfred A. Dixon, son of Mr. F. Dixon, Toronto, took place on Thursday afternoon, at five o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, "The Walnuts," Markham.

Miss Frances Morris leaves next week on the "Lake Manitoba" to spend the summer in England and the Continent. Miss Morris expects to attend the Wagner Festival, to be held in Munich during the month of August.

The French play given with so much success at St. Monica's was presented by the pupils of Mrs. Will Rose, one of the best French conversationists in Toronto.

The engagement is announced in Montreal of Miss Edith Irwin, daughter of the late W. H. Irwin, and granddaughter of the late Thomas H. Johnson, Assistant Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, to Mr. Paul R. Hanson of Montreal, formerly of Toronto.

The closing exercises of Westbourne School will be held on Monday morning at half-past ten o'clock.

The Misses Matthews of Pembroke street are visiting Eastern Canadian cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell have leased Mr. and Mrs. George Capron Brooke's house in Jarvis street.

Mr. George Allen Case is making some additions to his home in Spadina road, and while the workmen are in the house Mrs. and Miss Case have taken apartments at Mrs. Mead's.

Quite a number of the young set are going down to Kingston for the R. M. C. ball on Monday evening. Several of our brightest girls are looking forward with pleasure to the dance, but their prospective visit has raised greater anticipations in the minds of those fine young fellows we all admired so much at the Horse Show and Military Tournament.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra received some intimate friends at the tea hour, and all renewed congratulations to Major and Mrs. Harry Brock, who on that day celebrated the anniversary of their wedding.

Brannigan—Come home, an 'teck supper wid me, Flannigan. Flannigan—Shure, it's past yer supper time, now; yer wife'll be mad as a hatter. "That's jist it; she can't lick the two of us."—Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

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Social and Personal.

A quiet wedding took place a few days since at 135 Lake street, St. Catharines, when Miss Jean McDonald Crawford, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Crawford, and Mr. Lynn Temple Piers of Cooperstown, N.Y., were married. Rev. Dr. Parsons of Knox Church, Toronto, being the officiating minister. Miss Crawford was married in her traveling dress of navy blue, worn with a white silk embroidered blouse, and blue and white hat. The bride and groom are spending the honeymoon in the Adirondacks, and will make their home in Cooperstown, where Mr. Piers is a bank official.

Mrs. Vaughan Philpott held her post-nuptial receptions on Thursday and yesterday afternoons, from four to six o'clock, and last evening was at home to a number of her own and her bridegroom's young friends at 93 Broadalbane street. Mr. and Mrs. Philpott returned from their bridal trip on Thursday morning, and will go on to Fergus to reside shortly.

Miss Acres of Bishop Strachan School gave a garden tea on Wednesday afternoon, from four to seven o'clock, on the school lawn.

In spite of a wretchedly wet afternoon, the fixtures for last Saturday were carried out most successfully, the Argonaut dance and the opening reception at the Lambton Golf Club house being attended by crowds of guests. To the latter especially the friends of the "great game" turned out in hundreds, rendezvousing at the beautiful and picturesque new club house between the hours of three and seven, and quite a number remaining for a remarkably nice dinner. The president, Mr. Albert Austin of "Spadina," and a committee of ladies received the guests, tea was served in the billiard-room, the air was tempered by glowing grate-fires, and everything looked most cosy and attractive. The club houses which are springing up all about the suburbs of Toronto are the evidence that our people are believing more and more in the gospel of outdoor life. Golf has grown so quickly in favor that four fifths of our smart set are deeply interested in it, and as the devotees demand comfort, even luxury, when their game is pending or at its close, these palatial club houses are the result.

Mr. Austin entertained the governors and ladies' committee at dinner at the Lambton Golf Club House on Saturday evening. About a score of guests were at his table. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright also gave a dinner to a small and jolly company. Mr. Albert Nordheimer was host of a smart little coterie, including Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Colonel Field and Mr. Buchanan.

Miss Birdie Warren is enjoying a grand time with relatives in the Old Country, and having a lot of gaiety.

There has been wretched wet weather for the camp at Niagara. Lord Dundonald, G.O.C., and his secretary, Mr. McAllister, were in town on Monday, en route for the camp, and put up at the Queen's. The tea given last Saturday by the Governor-General's Body Guard was dimmed of much of its eclat by the rain. The dance at the Queen's Royal was a great success, and of it a correspondent writes: The first hop of the season was given Saturday night in the new Casino of the Queen's Royal. Despite the threatening weather, a large number came over from Toronto and Buffalo, and the attendance was very large. The Casino, although not entirely completed, was pressed into service, and very happily so, as it proved a most pronounced success in every way. The floor space is much greater than that of the old ballroom, and the floor itself, of hard Michigan maple, is unsurpassed. Brilliantly lighted by electricity and gaily decorated with flags and palms, it presented a pretty and inviting picture. A unique feature of the new arrangement is a covered walk leading from the hotel to the Casino, making it easy and comfortable of access to those coming from the hotel, no matter what the weather may be. Particular mention should be made of the music. It was most enthusiastically received, nearly every number being encored. The orchestra has been engaged for the season, and dances will be given at least twice a week.

The Argonauts' races were not so much an object of interest on Saturday as was the dance, for which D'Alessandro's musicians played a very fine programme. Several of the visitors came from out of town, Miss Dymont of Barrie, who was so much admired at the races, Miss Copp (nee Tomlinson) being of the number. Refreshments were served in the gym, and, as usual, the secretary, Mr. Merrick, and the popular and energetic committee made themselves pattern hosts.

Mr. and Miss Carrie Crerar and Mr. Hope of Hamilton, Mr. J. Strachan Johnston, Mr. Bruce, M.P., of Hamilton, and his son, Mr. Bruce, jr., Mr. Charles Maughan, Mrs. Jack MacKellar, Mr. Mason, Mr. Baker of Hamilton, Mr. Macdougall, Mr. Hedley, Mr. E. T. Carter were some of the guests at the Caledon Tricent Club over Sunday. Mrs. Ellis and her brother, Mr. Maughan, returned to Toronto on Tuesday.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Perceval Ridout received for the last time this season, and her visitors had the novel treat of an al fresco drawing-room, the tea being served on the lawn, where Mr. and Mrs. Ridout received their callers. The report that this charming host and hostess were to leave Canada immediately, is, I am told, incorrect, as they do not purpose going to the Old Country until late in the year. I believe they then intend leaving this country for a sojourn of several years abroad.

A pretty little mother, whose friends are congratulating her on the stork's gift of a wee daughter, is Mrs. Walter Allworth (nee Hamilton) of 68 St. Mary street. "Queen baby" arrived on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Gillespie and Mr. French, the "beaux garçons" who dispensed royal hospitalities at the King Edward during their recent visit in Toronto, are now again trout-fishing at the Caledon Club, and entertained a trio of Toronto friends

over Sunday at that charming place, where they have been for some weeks.

The bad weather again spoiled Mrs. Arthur's café chantant at Ravenswood. It is a great pity, for the arrangements cost time, money and work, and the programme was capital.

On Saturday last a charming wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. Christopher Stephenson, when his daughter, Miss Jennie M. Stephenson, and Mr. Robert A. Wilson were married. Rev. S. Cleaver officiated, and many guests witnessed the ceremony. Miss Mabel Pettit of Burlington was bridesmaid and Mr. George E. Stephenson, brother of the bride, was best man. Miss Christine Kinzinger, niece of the groom, was flower-girl. The bride wore white tulle, with point lace and chiffon, a tulle veil and orange wreath, and carried white roses. The bridesmaid was in blue silk and net, with bouquet of white carnations, and the flower-girl in white organdie and lace. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have gone to the Maritime Provinces for a sojourn of two months.

Mr. Alexander of Bowmanville and his sister, Miss Grace Alexander (formerly of Binscarth road), sailed for England last Saturday on the "Bavarian." Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Winn and Mr. Gordon Jones also sailed on the "Bavarian." Mrs. Lockhart Gordon and a family party were passengers on the same vessel on Saturday.

The marriage of Miss Adele Falconbridge, fourth daughter of the Justice of the King's Bench and Mrs. Falconbridge, and Mr. Cawthra Mulock, second son of the Postmaster-General and Lady Mulock, will take place next Wednesday at St. John's Wood, and will be followed by a reception at the residence of Chief Justice Falconbridge, Isabella street. I believe the date of this wedding is the one originally set apart for the marriage of last week's bride, Miss Aemilia Falconbridge, and Mr. Cassels.

On Sunday the little son and heir of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt received his baptismal names, Wallace Rankin, and friends of his parents were much tickled to receive the tiny man, tiny visiting card, tied with white ribbon to the larger one bearing the names of his parents. Good luck and lots of it is freely wished to the little chap by their many friends.

On last Friday afternoon Mrs. A. McLean Macdonell gave a tea for her guest, Miss Annesley of Port Dover, at which a few recent brides were allowed to enjoy the event with the young girls who were the guests.

Among those who went over to Niagara-on-the-Lake last week were Miss D. Davidson, Mr. E. M. Cattanch, the Misses Merritt, Miss Williams, Mrs. F. D. Taylor, Mr. Charles W. Jefferys, Mrs. and Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. F. G. Kingsmill, Mr. C. H. Porter, Mrs. W. H. Sizer, the Misses Sizer, Messrs. Geoffrey and Corvet Curtiss, Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Geale, Mrs. Willmott, Miss Boulton, Miss Willmott, Miss Sloan, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. G. A. Sweny, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. and Miss Delamere, Mr. Geoffrey Morton, Mr. J. J. Cawthra, Captain H. C. Bickford, Mr. O. L. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnet, Mr. Robert Clements, Captain and Mrs. Clyde A. Caldwell, Miss Winnet, Miss Ella Winnet, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. W. B. G. Cassels, Miss Cassels, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gooderham, the Misses Good-

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erham, Colonel and Mrs. Denny, Miss Irene Ritchie, Mrs. and Miss Brough, Miss S. C. MacDonald, Miss MacDonald, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Ida Homer Dixon and Mrs. Bickford.

A most enjoyable performance of amateur theatricals was given in West Association Hall on Tuesday evening by the young lady students in the elocutionary and dramatic department of the Metropolitan School of Music. Tennyson's play, "The Princess," was chosen, and it was given a really excellent performance. Miss Jessie Carter was a charming Princess Ida and Miss Nina McVey was an admirable Prince. Miss Winnifred Johnston as Violet earned applause for her sweet rendition of "Tears, Idle Tears." Others in the cast were Miss Irene Glendinning, Mrs. W. R. Jackson, Miss Ruth Mackid, Miss Alice Long, Miss Smith, Miss Laura Pujolas, Miss Charlotte H. Compton. A vocal solo was rendered very acceptably by Miss Tough. The incidental drills and music were splendidly done, and the performance reflected much credit on Miss Lillian Burns, who directed the efforts of the young ladies.

On Wednesday evening, June 10, at 189 Bleecker street, a very pretty wedding was celebrated, when Miss Sarah (Sadie) Sutherland was married to Mr. Charles Edwin Cooper. The Rev. A. B. Winchester of Knox Presbyterian Church performed the ceremony. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Mr. Ernest A. Cooper, and the bridesmaid the groom's sister, Miss M. E. Cooper. The large number of handsome presents testified to the popularity of the bride and groom. About thirty-five guests partook of the wedding breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cooper went south on their wedding trip.

At St. Monica's on Friday evening Miss Philpotts received a large number of guests to the closing recital of the school year. These entertainments have become so popular that those who are fortunate enough to receive invitations feel quite honored. A delightful programme of vocal and instrumental music, a little German comedy, "Der König Kommt," and a French play, "La Loterie de Francfort," delighted the appreciative audience. Special interest was shown in the dramatic performance, where the pronunciation as well as the acting showed careful training and familiarity with the languages studied. Those taking part were Misses Masters, Hughes, Retta Work, Helen Work, Blomfield, Dorothy Davison, Sheppard, Robertson, Martin, Clarkson, White, Gillespie, Ramsey, Kathleen Rogers, Nora Rogers, Millman, Irving, Thompson and Marjorie Work. The annual prize-giving will take place on June 25.

On Tuesday afternoon, June 9, Miss Florence Munt, daughter of Mrs. J. Munt of No. 160 Grange avenue, was married by the Rev. G. W. Dewey to Mr. Lewis E. Huff of Toronto. Miss Munt was attended by her sister Louie, and Mr.

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A Tale of a Rural Practitioner

The DOCTOR'S LARGEST FEE.

By Carroll Watson Rankin

The doctor was a good doctor—too good for Bancroft, it was sometimes said—but his wife asserted that he was never able to get on his feet in any other way, he was no financier. He kept no books, and in payment for his services was willing to accept, in lieu of cash fees, anything that his patients might be inclined to offer.

Sometimes this proved a convenient arrangement; more often, however, it was not, for the village people soon learned that it was only too easy to impose upon the kind-hearted, gentle old doctor. They loved him, of course—they could not help doing that—but apparently the village conscience slept when it came to settling with the easy-going physician.

There were those who said that the reason he submitted so tamely to being underpaid was because he feared to risk making his patients ill again by demanding larger fees. The truth of the matter was, however, that the overmodest doctor undervalued his own worth.

"But, James," Mrs. Bronson would remonstrate, "it's all very well to take it out in potatoes, but you know just as well as I do that Timothy Peck always sells his best potatoes, and brings us only the little undersized ones that nobody would think of buying. Those last ones weren't bigger than marbles. You must stand up for your rights."

But the doctor, apparently unmoved by these protests, continued to accept his patients' excuses along with their offerings of wormy apples, wood that was full of knots, eggs that were more than doubtful, and milk that was guiltless of cream. The Bronsons were ever short of ready money, but all their other wants were, in a measure, supplied, if not always to Mrs. Bronson's satisfaction.

"I really need a new horse," said the doctor one morning, as he stepped into his shabby buggy to make his usual round of visits. "The colt is pretty good to give out before the summer is over."

The "colt," which was a colt only by courtesy, being twenty-two years of age and old for his years, certainly looked as if he might give out at any moment. He limped slightly, he was blind in one eye, and something was wrong with his breathing apparatus. His owner drove him with the utmost tenderness, but it was plain that the doctor needed a new horse, and that without delay.

"Here's a letter for you, father!" called Cicely, the Bronsons' only daughter, as the doctor turned in at the gate that noon. "I'll put it at your place at the table, so you can read it while you are eating the beans that Mrs. Blake brought you for setting Johnny's leg."

"Now really," said the doctor, when he had read the letter, "this is very fortunate. I've tried all the spring not to wish that Sam Peters would fall ill, but it's been a great temptation, for Sam is the only person I could think of that would be likely to pay his bill with a horse. But it seems, my dears, that Sam was not my only dependence, after all. This note is from a man who seems absurdly grateful. He says he has no cash to pay what he owes me, so he is sending me a driving horse—a nice, quiet horse, he says."

"A quiet horse! Humph!" said Mrs. Bronson, with mild sarcasm. "He probably means that the horse is dead. You'd better see what you're getting before you make any bargain with him."

"I'm afraid," said the doctor, apologetically, "that it is too late for that, for the man is already on his way to New York, and the horse is to be delivered to-day. Now what did that man's wife tell me about that horse? Really, it was so long ago that I have forgotten, but it seems to me that the man was in some sort of business—I forget just what—and when his employer failed—or the concern broke up—this man's wages were paid in horses. Yes, that was it, in horses. His wife, a pretty little woman, was ill for months, eight miles up the Carp road, at a farmhouse near Cloverly—the business went to pieces at Cloverly—and those people seem to think that the woman owes her life to me."

"I guess they think right, too," said Cicely, who approved of her father with all her sixteen-year-old soul. "Isn't she the person that you sat up with for six consecutive nights when she had pneumonia? You deserve a dozen horses a week for all the beautiful, unselfish things you do."

The doctor smiled gratefully at this tribute. For all the years of his married life he had cherished a mild ambition to show Mrs. Bronson that he was really a better financier than she considered him. No one suspected it—Mrs. Bronson least of all—but the unappreciated doctor was exceedingly sensitive over his repeated failures in the matter of fees, and he longed after a very human fashion to show his family that he was as capable a business man as a physician.

The opportunity, however, seemed slow in coming. While everyone admitted his medical skill, there seemed to be grave doubts concerning his executive ability. All through the spring each bargain had proved worse than the preceding one.

Before the doctor had finished his meal the horse arrived, and was tethered to the hitching-post outside the gate. Impetuous Cicely rushed out at once to make his acquaintance. At sight of him, however, the girl stared in amazement. "Oh!" she gasped, gazing at the doctor's latest fee. "That man said he was quiet, but he certainly doesn't look it. Why, positively, he is quite the loudest-looking horse I ever saw."

Cicely was right. However mild the horse might prove in disposition, he was anything but quiet in appearance. His cream-colored surface was irregularly marked with large reddish-brown blotches, his left side resembled a map of the eastern hemisphere, and a brownish patch on his mild countenance, shaped not unlike the arms of Russia, gave his face a curiously distorted expression. He was certainly not a prepossessing horse, and it was not surprising that Mrs. Bronson regarded him with consternation when she, too, joined the little group at the gate.

"James," said she, in an accusing voice—it was some moments before she could summon a voice of any sort—"was that

man's late employer by any chance the proprietor of the circus that disbanded in Cloverly last fall?"

"Now you mention it, my dear," said the doctor, mildly, "I recall that that is exactly who he was. The man succeeded in selling one of his horses, and it seems to me he said he could get a good price for this one if he could only bring it to the right market. He said in his note that his wife was anxious to get home to her own people, and that he didn't see his way clear to selling the horse. No one in Cloverly seemed to care to buy the animal."

"I'm not surprised," said Mrs. Bronson. "His looks are decidedly against him." "Still," said Cicely, whose darkest cloud always had its silver lining, "he is much better than a lion or a hyena. Suppose that this acrobat and his wife had been obliged to take their pay in monkeys or giraffes or boa-constrictors! Where would the poor Bronsons have been then? I think we've had a fortunate escape."

The horse, except for a few peculiarities, proved an excellent animal. He was gentle and tractable, a good traveler, and he seemed to be possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. The townspeople soon became accustomed to the gorgonousness of his exterior, and the Bronsons would have forgotten that he had once been a circus horse had it not been for a certain singular trick which he frequently played.

If his driver happened to twitch the reins in a certain way, the horse, whose name was Aladdin, would suddenly stop short wherever he happened to be, and regardless of both harness and consequences, would seat himself on his haunches, with his forefeet still resting on the ground.

"Nothing that the doctor could say or do would induce his calico steed to rise. Aladdin would turn his head and look pleadingly at his master, as if imploring him for permission to stand on all fours; but the bewildered doctor was powerless to help him."

At last, when the horse could no longer endure his cramped and uncomfortable attitude, he would cast a final reproachful glance at his puzzled master, and, as if abandoning all hope from that quarter, would scramble to his feet and proceed on his way like any ordinary horse. The doctor was finally obliged to use a patent harness without breeching.

Aladdin's only other reprehensible trait was his custom of dancing to the music of the Cloverly band. Whenever the doctor's business took him to Cloverly, he found it expedient, after his first experience with Aladdin's waltzing hoofs, to enquire by telephone if there was any likelihood that the band might appear upon the streets that day.

If, by any chance, it happened to be a gala day, the doctor would turn Aladdin out to grass, and would drive the ancient colt; for a summer of idleness had much improved that misnamed animal.

County fair week was approaching, and as usual the Bronsons were short of ready money. Cicely, with her elbows on the table, spent several evenings over calculations in domestic economy, for her autumn wardrobe was in need of replenishing. She had little time for embroidery, and the only thing she had ever pointed was, as she said laughingly, the front fence.

"No," she said, "I'm afraid this family doesn't boast a single exhibitable possession, unless—Father!"

"What is it?" asked the doctor, looking up hastily from his book.

"Could you possibly get along with nothing but the colt to drive all next week?"

"I suspect I shall have to," returned the doctor. "All the brass bands in the county are coming for the fair. Aladdin dances pretty well for a horse, but it's hard on the buggy."

"Then," said Cicely, giving her father's hand an enthusiastic squeeze, "if you don't mind we'll exhibit him at the fair as a carriage horse. They offer beautiful prizes in the horse department. I'm sure there isn't a more noticeable horse in the county, so there's no danger of his being overlooked."

Aladdin did indeed attract much attention at the fair. To be sure, the judges were rather inclined at first to scoff at him because of his gaudy exterior; but partly because there was very little competition, and partly because he possessed certain fine points not appreciated by the careless observer, he was finally awarded a second prize.

"I'm glad," said Mrs. Bronson, when she heard of it, "that we have one financier in the family."

Before the week was over, however, even Mrs. Bronson was willing to admit that the family contained two. The three Bronsons spent Friday afternoon at the fair, going first of all to visit their successful exhibit. Even with his scarlet ribbon, Aladdin looked far from beautiful; but Cicely felt the crisp pink premium cheque in her pocket, and swelled with pride.

"Is this your horse?" asked a man, stepping up and touching his cap respectfully.

"Yes," said Cicely, who was for the moment alone. "At least, it's my father's."

"I believe I'm acquainted with that horse," said the man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "Used to know him real well—lived with him, in fact. I wouldn't be surprised if I could prove it."

A stunted tree grew opposite Aladdin's stall. The man stepped to it, broke off a switch and stripped it of its leaves.

He touched the ex-circus horse lightly in the nose with the slender switch. Aladdin instantly seated himself on the ground and looked expectantly at the man. Again the switch touched the intelligent animal, this time on the knee. Up came a hoof, and the man "shook hands" with the horse.

"Throw a kiss to the ladies," said the man, touching Aladdin's ankle.

Aladdin lowered his head to meet his hoof, and flung an equine kiss to the delighted bystanders.

"Up," said the man, with another light touch on the switch.

Aladdin, with an expression of positive gratitude, scrambled to his feet.

"Well, I declare!" said the doctor. "I've sat for half an hour at a stretch waiting for that horse to get tired of

sitting in the road. I'd have saved hours if I'd just been able to guess what he expected of me. I've felt all these months as if I were a terrible disappointment to him, but I couldn't make out what he wanted me to do."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "two years ago, when I and this horse were in the circus business together, he was considered one of the brightest horses in the country. If you'll sell him, I'll give you eight hundred dollars for him—mind you, I'm not saying that he isn't worth more. I'm not in the circus business any longer, but I happen to know where I can sell this animal and get my own price for him, and my business takes me right to that place next week. Maybe he isn't handsome, but he's got brains, this horse has."

"For my part," said Mrs. Bronson, as the family rode home behind the rejuvenated colt, "I don't know but what Aladdin more than makes up for all those undersized potatoes." At this handsome admission the doctor fairly beamed over his spectacles. Indeed, so pleased was he with his one good bargain that from that moment he felt a positive pang when the time came for him to part with that bargain, even though he received in exchange his first adequate fee—"Youth's Companion."

Up-To-Date Nursery Rhymes.

There was a young man of Bulgaria,
Who kicked his old boots down an area;
Salawak! a mercy! just look
If it ain't raining shoes—there's a pair ere!

A cynic who hailed from Antigua,
To a city friend murmured, "How big
Your insurance fakes
Go off like hot cakes,
It's a sort of a Montague Tigg you are!"

There was a young lady of Leek,
Who confessed in a moment of pique,
"Although my best mash
Has got oceans of cash,
He possesses no brains, so to speak."

There was a young grocer of Tring,
Who tied down a cheese with some string;
"Otherwise," muttered he,
"It is likely to fly
For it hums like a bee on the wing!"

A precocious young kid of Lan-ark
Cried out to a pal, "Here's a lark!
My sister ain't Joe—
That's her sweetheart, you know—
They ain't 'art a kissin'—just 'ark!"

There was a young lady of Frome,
Who started the wide world to roam.
Her outfit was small,
Being nothing at all
Save a hatpin, some scent, and a comb.

There was a young man of Kildare,
Who was knocking a nail in a chair;
What he knocked was his thumb,
And quite blue grew the neighboring air.

There is a young man at Devizes
Who gives his friends constant surprises;
He eats peas with a knife,
Will not insure his life,
And goes to bed when the sun rises.

The wife of a punter at Fleet,
Called out to her kid on the street:
"Come in to your dinner,
Your dad's backed a winner;
At last there is something to eat!"
—English Paper.

Bulwer Lytton's Centenary.

THE centenary of Emerson's birthday was also that of Lord Lytton, who is best known to-day by "The Last Days of Pompeii," perhaps, than any of his twenty-seven novels. That this remarkably versatile writer was also poet, playwright, social critic, journalist, essayist, editor, orator, statesman, pamphleteer, is well-nigh forgotten. It is safe to say that he has never been regarded seriously as a literary force. In his own day he was subjected to criticism that was undisguisedly savage. One of the worst offenders was Thackeray, who poked fun most unmercifully at "Sawdust and George Arlino-bulwigs." The "English Men of Letters" and "Great Writers" series omit Lord Lytton, and he has been steadily ignored by the essayists and critics. Only one other writer of equal pretensions has been so relentlessly neglected, the author of "Vivian Grey" and "Endymion" and other portentously political and social novels of English life. Mr. Lewis Melville, in an article in "Temple Bar" for May, wrestles vigorously with Lytton's case to raise him out of this unseemly obloquy, but the task is beyond him. We know of two prominent magazines, whose editors were approached some time ago with memorial papers on the novelist's centenary, who promptly refused to give them a place in their pages. Yet it is claimed that Lytton's novels are read by hundreds of thousands, and rival those of Dickens in popularity.

Mr. Melville lays his finger almost unwittingly on the chief defect of Lord Lytton's work. "A work of imagination may be fantastic," he says, "but if it deals with life it must necessarily be true or untrue to life, and if it is untrue it cannot be accepted as a work of art." The worst kind of immortality in fiction is the falsification of facts, the perversion of truth. Lord Lytton began by infusing into his early novels an extravagance of pseudo sentiment and faulty psychology which created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal. So warped and twisted was his view of life, so confused his understanding of right and wrong, so lacking in moral insight and clear-eyed apprehension of motive and emotion, that he actually defended his "honesty of purpose," and claimed "sincere and distinct views of promoting truth and administering to knowledge"—a claim wholly unwarranted by the facts. What would seem to be the cankerworm in Lord Lytton's character led to the cardinal fault in his work, the insincerity of the man. One of his contemporaries who discovered a goodness of heart in the novelist, and which few who knew him even well gave him credit, deplored his fondness for personal metamorphoses, so to speak. "One day," it is related of him, "he would appear in black from top to toe, with a dark-complexioned visage to match. Another day he would be all in white, with blond hair and a fair complexion lighted up by rouge!" Carlyle, who derided the dandiacal Pelham in "Sartor Resartus," always spoke with contempt of its author; the sad, earnest eyes of the seer saw through the pitiful humbug—"a poor feeble," more plain-spoken, and a champion of the novelist's wife in her marital grievances, called him "a lantern-jawed quack!" All this is not to say that Bulwer Lytton did not do good work and that he had no remarkable gifts. Espe-

cially in his later novels, there are passages and characterizations that reach a high level. But the acid of insincerity and flamboyance bit into the fibre of his work and made it meretricious as literature and worthless as art.

Smoking in Spain.

CAN there be any connection between the marked degeneration of Spain and the abuse of tobacco in that country? People there smoke incessantly, under all conditions, at all hours, and in all places—excepting in church. Men smoke in the railway carriages; they smoke in all the minor theaters; they smoke in all the restaurants; in the hotel dining-rooms, and, of course, in the cafes. In business offices the merchant and his clerks smoke. In shops the shopman, while trying to sell goods to a lady, will stop to roll a cigarette, which, when lighted, he will puff in her face.

You see conductors and drivers of tramcars smoking. All the cabmen smoke all the time, while even coachmen and footmen of private carriages sometimes smoke on the box. I have seen (says Jerome A. Hart) priests smoking as they crossed the cathedral yard to begin service, and I have seen altar boys standing in their surplices at the cathedral door, between responses, to smoke a cigarette. Beggars approach you, cigarette in mouth, to whine for alms. If you ask for tickets at a railway office the clerk lays down his cigarette as he hands you the dingy bits of pasteboard. The innumerable peddlers smoke cigarettes all the time.

I have seen no women of the better class smoking cigarettes in public; they may smoke, but if so I suppose they do it at home. The lower-class women, including the gypsy women, smoke freely in the streets. If the cigarette habit is universal in Spain so are its sequelae. On every hand you hear the deep, hacking, pulmonary cigarette cough. Tuberculosis is rife in Spain, and while the doctors say (but what will not the doctors say?) that excessive tobacco, qua tobacco, has nothing to do with tuberculosis, they admit that "excessive tobacco brings about a condition of diathesis constituting a favorable nidus for the growth of the bacillus of tuberculosis."

"Predigested" Literature.

IN a recent issue of the "Booklovers' Magazine" the novelist Frank H. Spearman enters a plea for the "art of skipping." It is not too much to say, he affirms, that "the whole body of literature, as we know it, stands for no art so much as that of skipping." The forgotten, the lost, the buried tomes, represent what the world has skipped. He continues:

"The trouble with our dutiful American book-lover is that he feels a question of conscience in skipping. No scruple could be more strained. Is not every book provided for his recreation of value largely in proportion to the author's own mastery of the art of skipping? Every book that charms its reader does so not alone by what it provides; it charms by what it omits."

"Let the book-lover cultivate the art of skipping. It is an art, and it may be learned, mastered even, by the average reader. Follow your own instinct in it; nothing in the art of skipping is so sure as your own instinct. Read while your book holds you. The book-lover offers himself a willing victim to his author. Here," he says in effect, "is my attention. If you can hold it, you are welcome to it. I rather hope you can hold it." The battle is on. Does your interest lag? Long paragraph stares at you? Take the first sentence and jump straight to the last. Is the subject still the same? Go ahead. Has the subject changed? Dip into the middle of the paragraph. A glance gives you the connection and again you are away at a canter; before you know it you are reading in lines and paragraphs instead of in words and sentences.

"Then comes something you want—every word of it. You read contentedly on till an inward monitor stirs and, like a master, you resume the art; one glance, one page. If you go too far, as you easily may, retrace. It is a pleasure to be compelled by your author to do so; but, above all, follow your instinct, the instinct of selection, the first and greatest of natural instincts—and soon you will be looking for something to read. Moreover, you will feel after the exercise of this instinct the beginning of your own conclusions on literature and life. Selection makes one think. The book-lover who can select for his own needs out of what has been provided for all is not far from being already a capable critic. Taste many books; hold fast to those that your instinct approves."

The Springfield "Republican" considers this very bad advice, and devotes nearly two columns to a rebuttal of Mr. Spearman.

The Real Crank.

Is Plainly Marked.

A crank is one who stays in beaten paths when common sense tells him to leave.

The real crank is one who persists in using coffee because accustomed to and yet knows it hurts him. It is this one who always pays the penalty, while the sensible person who gives up coffee and takes on Postum Food Coffee in its place enjoys all the benefits of returning health.

A well-known manufacturer's agent of New York City visited the grocery department of one of the big New York stores not long ago and there he tasted a sample cup of Postum made the right way. He said afterwards: "Just through the energy of that young woman who was serving Postum there I became a convert to the food drink and gave up the drug drink coffee and got well."

"I had used coffee to excess and was gradually becoming a complete wreck, getting weaker and more nervous every day. I paid the penalty for using coffee, and when I tasted the delicious Postum I was glad indeed to make the change."

"So I gave up the coffee altogether and have used Postum instead ever since. My family at first called me a crank, but, seeing how Postum benefited me the first month they all got in line, and as a result of Postum's remarkable benefits to me we all drink it now entirely in place of coffee, and we are well." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Are You Aware That
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA

served ice-cold with lemon juice is a most cooling
and refreshing summer drink?

man's argument on behalf of "predigested" literature. It says, in part:

"How many readers there are who read after this lazy fashion, and how many writers there are who feel compelled to cater to their laziness. The question which the average novelist anxiously asks himself is not, 'Is this good art?' but 'Is this easy reading?' Does the story get well under way in the first chapter? Is everything so clear sailing that absolutely no mental effort is required? Is everything cut out in advance which the average reader, for whom the average novelist writes, might be tempted to skip?"

"If the average novelist fails in his estimate of the mental grasp of the average reader, he has the average publisher at his elbow to help him with friendly advice and commercial experience, cutting out descriptions, abridging conversations, excising digressions, getting rid, in short, of everything that might tax in ever so little this precious, coddled faculty of attention. The book must be prepared beforehand like a predigested food; nothing must be left for the reader to do but kindly to allow his eyes to rest for a certain number of minutes or hours on the printed page, after which the contents are supposed to be absorbed. If at any point a bad symptom appears, such as a tendency to wander, there is something wrong with the preparation—a hard piece, perhaps, not quite predigested. Out with it; let us go on with the literary mutton. Unfortunately with many readers, those in whom mental activities have not been altogether destroyed by predigestion, the method defeats its very end. Left with nothing to do, the mind blissfully wanders off into quite other pastures, or emerges from a state of delicious unconsciousness from time to time, just long enough to make sure that all is well with the hero and the heroine."

A Straight Tip to All Cross Coves.

Suppose you screw? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broods? or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you dink? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the muley swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or Moskenoor, or flash the drag;
Dead-lark a crib, or do a crack;
Fad with a slang, or chuck a rag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon strag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square go flash your flag,
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummies mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon strag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout, and Charley Wag,
With wiles and tickers and wags, not
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.
—Translated from the French of Villon
by W. E. Henley.

London's Bridge Craze.

THE bridge craze in London is again agitating society and club circles, and quite a revolt is rising among certain sections against the game. Archdeacon Sinclair waxes very fierce in his indictment of this game. "The present period," he says, "reminds one of the days of the Regency, when women of high position remained indoors throughout the day with the blinds drawn playing faro. I have recently heard of cases in which young girls started playing bridge on Sundays immediately after breakfast and continued playing all day. No man who is a man should allow his womankind to gamble and become in debt to other men. The consequences of such a state of affairs will not even bear discussion. The only way to check this growing evil is for women of really high position and high principle to form a league against playing bridge by women." A member of the Portland and Turf Clubs—who, although a devotee of bridge, regards with aversion the reckless gambling of fashionable women and would be smart men—said: "Something must be done to check gambling, at any rate among women. Many men, myself among them, absolutely refuse to play bridge with women. Women have been known to stand up when they have lost

three rubbers and hysterically accuse some unfortunate male player of cheating before a roomful of people." Several of the West End clubs have found it necessary to limit bridge gambling. The newly formed Atlantic Club, for example, has decided that not more than \$2,500 a week will be booked to a single member. Points will be limited to 50 cents each, with a maximum of \$50 on a game. These sums considerably exceed those allowed by other clubs, but the Atlantic's nickname of the "Millionaires' Club" explains why high play is allowed there. The weekly limit at the St. James's Club has been fixed at \$1,000, and at the Bachelors' Club at \$1,000, while the points of the game are limited to 25 cents at each club. No money changes hands during the games at these clubs. Each player employs a card-room cashier to keep accounts. If a loser does not pay his account by an appointed date he ceases to be a member. A development of the game is that interested persons sit behind a known skilful player and back his skill. A secretary of one of the clubs says that when a member is known to be an exceptionally good player, but is not rich or not rash enough to play heavy points, other members will carry him, that is, pay his points and draw a percentage of his winnings. Many a clever fellow, it is said, is making \$5,000 a year in this manner without running any risk.



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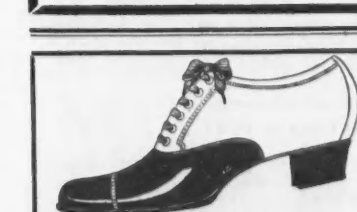
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H. & C. Blachford, 114 Yonge St. FINE AMERICAN SHOES

Curious Bits of News.

Glady's Deacon, "the American beauty," met with an extraordinary accident at Mrs. Adair's fancy dress ball the other night in London. A lady who was walking in front of her tripped, threw up her heels, and one shoe flew off, striking Miss Deacon sharply on the chin, causing a bad cut. At His Majesty's Theater, a few nights later, when Claude Lowther's play, "The Gordian Knot," was produced, Miss Deacon still had a plaster on her chin.

The French have found a reason for the popularity of the cake walk in Paris. The thing is French! One of the negroes at the Nouveau Cirque, interviewed by a Paris paper, says that the origin of the dance was French. According to this latest account, some of the French refugees from the court of Marie Antoinette introduced the minuet into New Orleans about the time of the Revolution, and it was the native imitation of the most fashionable dance in Europe that was afterward developed into the cake walk.

The Declaration of Independence is to be seen no more by the public, an order having been issued that henceforth the historic manuscript shall be kept under lock and key in a great fire and light-proof safe. This decision has been reached as the result of an examination of the document by a committee of the American Academy of Sciences, recently in session in New York, who acted at the instance of Secretary Hay, whose attention had been called to the sad state of the famous document. Most of the text of the Declaration is still legible, but only one or two of the signatures can be made out. There is only a trace of the autograph of John Hancock, the first to sign. The document from time to time will be photographed in order to measure as nearly as possible the result of the protective steps.

Chicago had to get along for over three weeks with soiled linen on account of the strike of thousands of laundry girls and men. Every union laundry in Chicago was closed. John Chinaman and a few scattered non-union laundries kept at work, but they could not begin to keep the city's clothes and household linen in order. Undyed collars and cuffs, soiled shirts and shirt-waists, spotted tablecloths and napkins were the rule in hotels and private homes. The old mummy of slavery days reaped a harvest. Some laundrymen, who thought to be shielded by their fellows, fixed up great bundles of linen and shipped them to neighboring towns, thereby hoping to promote the neatness of their customers; but the union was on the alert. Wagons were followed to stations, the place of shipment ascertained, and the laundry-workers there notified that "scab" work was coming to them. In most cases these laundry employees refused to do the work, and the bundles were shipped back to Chicago.

A curious factor in a recent divorce suit is the modern "Breakfast Food" found upon so many tables. Mrs. Secombe has brought suit against her husband, A. H. Secombe, in San Bernardino, Cal., for divorce. She alleges that for five years past he has forced her and his children to maintain life largely upon "health foods." She gives the following as the Secombe bill of fare: Breakfast—Boiled rolled oats with milk, or granose flakes (wheat); an occasional soft-boiled egg; Zwieback and nut butter; occasionally cereal "cereal" (wheat coffee). Dinner—Zwieback and nut butter; beans boiled in salt water and baked; potatoes boiled with jacket; vegetables, in season, boiled in salt water; green fruit, in season; pudding, plain. Supper—Zwieback and nut butter; rice, boiled with milk; green fruit, in season. All meats prohibited; also coffee and tea. She alleges that this diet has been "scarcely sufficient to maintain life, and not sufficiently nutritious to maintain the family in health." She says that her husband persisted in discussing these foods and their merits at table, and in declaring repeatedly that "meat is poisonous."

A Maiden's Heart.

Wouldst have a recipe for the "mystery" as known to Maiden's Heart? Take of Innocence and Simplicity, Joy and Mirth, an equal part. Then, a little Naughtiness. No Heart should be without. That, for spice, a bit of Naughtiness. Does not the charm impart? A little Courage, and a little Fear. No Heart should be without. Smiles—and perhaps a tear. To wash away all Doubt. Now add Love to blend it. With the sweetness of Desire And Cupid soon will end it. With his arrow tipped with fire!—L.C.

Not Drugs

Food Did It. After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food Grape-Nuts in a few days. "From early childhood I suffered with terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously, going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time."

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed and could not perform their work without help of some kind, so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given my case up as hopeless when I began to use the predigested food Grape-Nuts."

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first, and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed."

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble."

"Truly, the power of scientific food must be unlimited." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

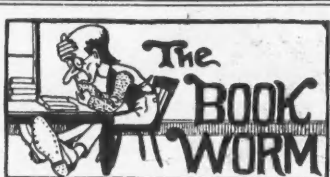
There is a reason. Healthful desserts are just as easy as the bad kind. For further particulars see the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.

Crawford—Why don't you tell your wife the baby is crying? Crabshaw—If I did she would sing it to sleep.—"Judge."

In the Line of Duty.



Misses—Why, Norah! what are you doing on that man's knee?
Norah—Sure, mum, he's a-restin' me!—"Judge."



The BOOK WORM

THOSE who like to be harrowed (and they are by no means few) will enjoy the "Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse," the Canadian edition of which has been brought out by Messrs. Morang & Co. The excuse for the disinterest of these remains of a bygone day is the identification of Mlle. de Lespinasse with the heroine of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." "Letters from Hell," they have been not untruthfully described by an English wit. They are the cries of torment of a "naked soul on fire," at a time when she was the very life and joy and idol of the most brilliant set who frequented the salons of Paris. Out of the depths of passion, remorse and despair come these agonized confessions. The tragedy lay in its victim's consciousness of her own treachery to her true lover, M. de Mora, of the treachery to herself of the object of her infatuation, M. de Guibert, and of the general worthlessness of this pretentious coxcomb. Truly, as Rosalind says, "Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do." Madness and darkness and a whip of scorpions were the portion of Mlle. de Lespinasse's passion—her voluntary portion to some extent, as one cannot but feel in reading her own record of her experiences, for the conviction is inevitable that in a sense it was a pose and that she revelled in the refined agony which eventually killed her—(she died in middle age). The letters are done into English by Katharine Prescott Wormeley, who seems to have wrought to good purpose; and there are notes on the author's life and character by D'Alembert, Marmontel, de Guibert, etc., and an introduction by C. A. Sainte-Beuve.

The plot of "The Gold Wolf," Max Pemberton's latest story, circles round the figure of a great financier, Dudley Hutton, whose wife has died in mysterious circumstances. The criminal intrigues of Hutton's commercial rivals and of his treacherous valet, his many troubles, dangers and vicissitudes and his final rescue by the inevitable comic Irishman (a somewhat irritating person and a type never encountered in the flesh) go to make up the structure of a good story, as stories go nowadays. Of course the real romance of the business world does not consist in such murders and conspiracies as the author describes. Again, real characters are not pure black or white, immaculate heroes or double-dyed villains, as Max Pemberton depicts them. Nevertheless, "The Gold Wolf" is a readable yarn, and a welcome addition to the list of Pemberton books. The interest is heightened by Greiffenhagen's illustrations. The Copp, Clark Company are the publishers.

A warm welcome will be extended by hundreds of nature-lovers and pleasure-seekers to a little book which has just issued from the William Briggs press, entitled "Camping and Canoeing: What to Take, How to Travel, How to Cook, Where to Go," by James Edmund Jones, B.A., with forty-two illustrations. Mr. Jones writes as one experienced in the life of the woods, and his hundred and fifty pages of "hints" are of the most practical and helpful character. The range of the information is also most extensive, covering everything from a discussion on "getting lost" to a series of cooking recipes, and from how to make a camp fire to a complete outline of the choicest canoeing routes in Canada. The book is well printed, bound in imitation of birch bark, and of a size convenient for the pocket. Doubtless "Camping and Canoeing" will have a large sale.

"A Puritan Witch," by Marvin Dana (New York: "Smart Set" Publishing Company) is a story that deals with the same period and aspects of New England life as Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." But of course it is scarcely comparable with that great classic in any other respect. Mr. Dana has told a striking and original story in a pleasing way, which will appeal to the average reader of fiction. The interest never flags, but none the less the book lacks distinction. After a most tragic and tortuous course, the story proceeds to a happy ending—which will not be the least of its merits in the eyes of the aforesaid "average reader."

"Perkins the Faker," by Edward S. Van Zile, another of the "Smart Set" Company's books, is a bizarre, not to say preposterous, play of fancy, wit and satire, at the expense of the esoteric cult and the theory of reincarnation. It is a travesty that almost exceeds the limits of patience, and descends into the realm of arrant nonsense. But Mr. Van Zile's delightful fluency and the feeling that the philosophical had invited and deserved such a satire, together save the stories from being voted silly. One is tempted to cry exultingly, "At last here is something new!" Certainly "Perkins the Faker" has no exact parallel in literature.

One of the brightest books brought out lately by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited) is "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," by Eleanor Hoyt. The illustrations are by Penrhyn Stanlaw, and the book is an

ensemble of delicately frivolous stories and dainty pictures. The subjects for most of the tales are Nancy's love affairs, told by herself to "the Man who came often." Nancy is a sweet, wholesome little woman, in spite of her many misdemeanors, and the story is very up-to-date and entertaining.

Messrs. Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have brought out a beautifully put-together and illustrated book in "Journey's End," by Justus Miles Forman. While it is most satisfying from an artistic standpoint, it leaves one very unsettled when at "the journey's end" we are told which way the hero turns. Unconsciously, one turns the pages to see if there is not to be a sequel, but no mention is made of it if there is. Cal-trop had been brought up with "expectations," which fail, and he goes to New York to make his way. For a time he sells photographs behind the counter. He is very much in love with Miss Berkeley, a young and rising actress, though they are not acquainted. He writes a play for her, which, after some trouble, she plays. This makes him famous, and we are led to believe that Miss Berkeley is in love with him. At this time a relation in England drops off. He is left money and a title, and as he has a "best" girl also in England, he is summoned there by many calls, but we are not told which call he answers. It is a well-told story, however.

The Letter That Came.

IN a four-roomed, red-brick dwelling upon a "donkey" sofa, sat a woman with an unopened letter in her hand. She was gray-haired, wrinkled, bent-shouldered—and a widow.

The letter was from her boy, her only son—a man who had recently earned the prefix "Reverend" to his name. For him the wrinkles had multiplied, the gray hair increased, and the bent shoulders grown more crooked; and now, believing the harvest of her sacrifice and toil was at hand, her fingers trembled in her tender eagerness to break the envelope. She could neither read nor write, but she yearned to see, even while she could not comprehend, the words her boy had written.

The one desire of her life had been to "make a gentleman of him," and now the happy hour had come. Her dreams were realized, she was the proud mother of the Reverend Joseph Joshua Sandon. Her lack of education had never troubled her, but now her futile yearning to read her boy's letter was bordering on painfulness.

Her boy's letter that would raise her to the desire of her lifetime, to the proud position of his housekeeper and economical guardian of his financial affairs. Her faded eyes were misty with proud tears.

"Has the postman been, aunt?" interrupted a soft voice. The woman held the letter towards a brown-haired, mild-eyed girl. "Yer better read it, Meg—Margaret, I mean—my eyesight's failin' fast."

The girl forbore a smile at the little fiction; it had been so oft-repeated as to lose its force. She was hardly less eager than the mother. Her own sweet secret, she hoped, soon would be a secret no longer.

"No letter for me?" she whispered shyly in tones denoting disappointment. "There's news, maybe, for both in that 'un," replied the mother, proudly. "Read it and see."

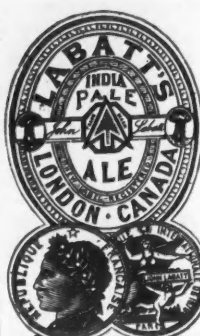
The girl began. It was a moment to be remembered in the life of each. Neither had doubts of approaching felicity. Their faith in the sender was mighty.

Dear Mother, Doubtless you have been looking for news from me— "Not us, Meg! We know how his time must be took up—"

But I waited to write until my position was less unsettled— "I knew when the boy had done with learnin'—studyin', I mean—he'd show how he'd repay our time of waitin'—"

And now the news I have to send will, I am sure, be pleasing to all my friends in Murrindanah, and to you and cousin Margaret in particular. The girl's voice trembled. The woman's was exultant. "Bless him! but he remembers everybody."

I have received a call to Beulah Plains. "That's a long way back, my dear."



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is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death. On the strength of this speech, it is said, the jury was so moved that it awarded the plaintiff a verdict of five hundred dollars.

A Valuable Publication.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1903 Summer Excursion Route Book.

On June 1 the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company published the 1903 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal summer resorts of Eastern America, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts of the East, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of summer travel ever offered to the public. The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

On and after June 1 this very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or, upon application to George W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for twenty cents.

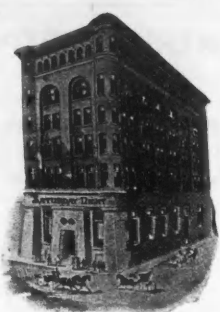
For Summer Cooking.

Automatic 2-burner wickless coal oil stove, \$6.75. Gasoline stove, 2-burner, \$4.50. Two burner gas stove, \$2. Coal oil stoves from 50c up at G. & J. Murray's, 224 Yonge street.

De Style—Is he a chip of the old block? Gunbusta—No; he's a claw of the old lobster.—New York "Sun."

In Praise of the Dog.

United States Senator Vest once paid this eloquent tribute to a dog in a suit brought against a farmer who shot his neighbor's faithful beast in malice: "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous,



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 16 TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 20, 1903. No. 32



THE golfing forces of the Toronto Golf Club have received a valuable addition in Captain D. De Vaux, an English army officer, who arrived here recently. He was seized with enteric in South Africa and went to the West Indies in search of health. Then he came on to Canada, and he finds that the climate here suits his condition much better. He is playing a strong game at the East Toronto links. When he first came out on the grass his showing warranted placing him on scratch, but he has fallen off a trifle in his game, and is now allowed 3. Before the summer is over it is likely that he will be back on the scratch card. He is good in both the long and short game.

Proof positive of the wisdom of the new building restrictions of the Yacht Racing Union is not far to seek. Two years ago "Invader" was built to win back "Canada's" cup, carried to Chicago by "Genesee." She won the cup, but where is she to-day? At Medler & Arnot's, on the dock, with her winter wraps still on! If she had been a good, wholesome type of a boat, such as must be built under the new rules, she would have been in the water this month or six weeks past and her owners would have been enjoying excellent sailing. She is a comfortable craft for any except fair weather sailing. She ponds, and is very wet in a seaway, cannot stand a blow without shortened canvas, and when it rains her crew must sit up and take the medicine. There is no shelter. Why, at an auction sale, after she won the trophy, no one would buy her from the syndicate. They knew what she was, a boat to be proud of when she carries the club colors to victory, but not a boat to own if one wants any pleasure out of the game. With "Strathcona," the new cup boat, it will be entirely different. She is a comfortable, roomy, able boat for any man to own.

"Strathcona," the cup defender, will be a wonder if she can hold "Gloria" in windward work in a blow. She will never do it, though. She is not lined out to give Mr. McLeod's cutter a trouncing under those conditions, despite the favorable reports of the results of a brush with "Gloria" a week ago. "Strathcona" will be lucky indeed if she can save any of her time allowance in a race with "Gloria" in anything above a ten-knot breeze. This is nothing in disparagement of "Strathcona's" abilities, for "Gloria" is a wonder, and she was built under entirely different rules from those governing the construction of "Strathcona."

"Strathcona" is going to be a "wind-jammer," though. Her trials show that she can look up into the wind with the best of them. There are indications of one defect, though, in her. Under a small mainsail last week in a breeze she carried a weather helm, and the chances are that when she gets her own larger mainsail on the condition will be worse. It may be, however, that the additional hoist of her own mainsail will shift her center of effort forward and so relieve the weather helm.

The Toronto lacrosse team's disastrous trip to meet the champion Shamrocks at Montreal again brought the strong criticism upon their weak point. Toronto has the players—speedy, sure on catch and pass, and plucky, though light—but they cannot score. The trouble is at the home end of the field. They cannot score. They do not know how to tally. The trouble is an old one with the Toronto team. For years Toronto has not had a quick scoring team.

And the reason? The home players have never been taught how to notch up points. Querrie, McLean, Jackson, Adams and Staples are as good a quintette of stick handlers as adorns the home end of any team in the league. What the Toronto want is a good coach. Shamrocks, Capitals and Cornwallis all have a heady man at work teaching the players tricks of defence and attack—manoeuvring the men as a chess master does his pieces. It is this perfected organization and definite system of strategy that begets confidence and wins games for the eastern teams.

Hanley in goal at Montreal Saturday was a tremendous improvement on Farley. Farley was only a "stop gap" in the absence of "Father Bill." Some one should take Farley in hand. He played a couple of sensational games a year ago and might show up again if given good advice and coaching. The best junior goal keeper in Toronto now is young Robinson of the Tecumsehs. He has the one essential of a goal keeper—coolness. No matter how hot they are coming, he does not lose his head, and if a couple of easy looking ones beat him he only steadies up for the next attack.

The Tecumsehs are afflicted with the same complaint as the Torontos. They, too, lack team work. They have some good men, but do not get together. Brantford made them look like selling platters in a plate race last Saturday. They want some good coaching.

It is remarkable how small a thing will swerve a man from a course he has decided to pursue. A chance remark keeps Lou Scholes from Henley this season. "Why don't Scholes get out and win something before he goes to Henley?" was the remark Scholes overheard one night at his clubhouse, and the trip was called off on the eve of his departure. It was the last straw. He will stay and win something, and go over next year. The chance remark did not exactly cause the trip to be abandoned, but it shifted the wavering oarsman to the "stay-at-home" side of the scales. His club mates had been strongly urging him to stay here and help uphold the club colors in the Canadian and United States regattas. "Another season's experience and another year on my shoulders will do me good," remarked Scholes the other night. He will now double with Frank Smith and senior single against Vessely and Titus at the Philadelphia regatta. He has won and lost to both men. It is too bad that Scholes did not go across to Henley. Last year he should have won the much-coveted Diamond Sculls. The famous trophy would have come to Canada had the water been smooth the day Scholes met Kelley. Scholes was leading a hundred yards from the finish



AN EXPERT PERFORMANCE.

Rev. Dr. Warden—It's quite a stunt, but I guess I can manage to keep them all going.

after a desperate race, when he went to pieces from over-exertion and Kelley, scarcely in better shape, physically, came on and won.

CORINTHIAN.

Lawn Bowling.

THE feature in lawn bowling for the past week was the Victoria Club tournament. It was confined principally to city clubs with the exception of the Thaburn rink of Brampton and the May rink of Weston. The play resulted in some very keen and close contests, and also demonstrated that the older enthusiasts of the game must not depend on past form, but should give the time to necessary practice, as such rinks as Lightbourn of the Victorias, Starr of the Thistles, Boeckh and Jones of the Canadas, Scott and Mead of the Caer-Howells, D. Carlyle of the Prospect Park Club, not forgetting Thaburn of Brampton, were "also rans." Space will not permit to give the full scores, but the finals in the competition, Consolation and Singles, will speak for themselves, viz:

Final.
Scott, 10000121012101—13 Boethe, 012420002000010—12
Final Rink Competition.
Victoria—Granite—
D. J. McDougald, W. H. S. McCallum,
N. B. Gash, E. G. C. Sinclair,
F. H. Vanzant, J. S. Moran,
E. C. Hill, skip 15 G. R. Hargraff, skip 13
Hill 001001010010101401212—15
Hargraff 4101101010101001000—13

Final, Consolation.
Canada—Prospect Park—
H. J. Fairhead, Ben Selby,
Dr. G. Boyd, J. Vance,
R. Armstrong, T. Mounce,
H. O'Hara, skip 12 D. Carlyle, skip 11
O'Hara 300001120030011—12
Carlyle 012110001201200—11
On the whole, the lawn was in fair condition, but it was a mistake to include in the portion set apart for play what was formerly a lawn tennis ground, which was very faulty and far from giving satisfaction, and accounted for some of the best clubs being worsted on the first day's play.
The R.C.Y.C. defeated the Thistles of Hamilton on the latter's lawn on Saturday by the comfortable margin of 7, there being five rinks on each side.

LUNA.

The Game of Gossip.

EXAMPLES of the way in which stories grow by repetition until the real fact in the case is lost in vague and uncertain statements are illustrated by this story from the Washington "Post," told by a woman who had been spending some time in a winter resort.

"Of course I made many acquaintances at the hotel," she said, "and one day Mrs. Jones was rather rude. I didn't care particularly for Mrs. Jones, but I was curious to know why she had acted as she did, for she had been especially cordial to me; so I asked Mrs. Smith.

"Mrs. Smith said that Mrs. Jones said she had been told that I had spoken of her as a 'smart Aleck.' Mrs. Smith further stated that it was all over the place that I had used the expression. She said Mrs. Brown had told Mrs. Jones.

"I went to Mrs. Brown and asked her about it. She said that Mrs. Green had told her I said it. I went to Mrs. Green, and she admitted telling Mrs. Brown that I had said Mrs. Jones was entirely too smart; not a 'smart Aleck,' but en-

tirely too smart. Mrs. Green had not heard me say it, but Miss Grey, who told her, had.

"I went to Miss Grey. Miss Grey declared that she had it from Mrs. White that I had said Mrs. Jones was too smart, not 'entirely too smart,' but just 'too smart.' So I went to Mrs. White.

"Mrs. White stood firm. She said I had called Mrs. Jones too smart, and she heard me say it clear across the room, and that Mrs. Black was with me when I said it.

"I went then to Mrs. Black and put the matter to her. Mrs. Black is an Englishwoman. I asked her when and where I had spoken ill of Mrs. Jones. She could not remember at first; then after a bit she began to laugh.

"I know how the story started now," she said. "Don't you remember the cloudy morning when you and I were sitting in the parlor, and Mrs. Jones came through dressed in that blue foulard? I said when I saw her, 'How smart Mrs. Jones is to-day!' and you said, 'Too smart for a day like this. It's going to rain.'"

"And there it all was. I had thought Mrs. Jones too smartly dressed to venture forth under a threatening sky. Did I go to Mrs. Jones? No. I was so disgusted with the whole affair that I never mentioned the matter again, and I suppose Mrs. Jones will always believe I called her a 'smart Aleck.'"

Vacation Time.

Hey for the out-of-town summer resort!
Hey for the place where the lucky disport!
Hey for the mountain and hey for the lake!
Hey for the earwig, the ant and the snake!
Hey for the beds that are lumpy and rough!
Hey for the beefsteak so horribly tough!
Hey for the "skeeters," the chiggers and flies!
Hey for the joys that the country supplies!

Think of the bias that we shortly shall know!
Think of the blisters we'll get when we row!
Think of the blooms in the woodlands so gay!
Think of the hours we'll find in a day!
Think how at dawn rise the cackles and crows!
Think of the skin that will peel from our nose!
Think of all this while beginning to pack!
Think how blamed glad we shall be to get back!

Sad is their lot who in town here must stay,
Getting their eggs and milk fresh each day,
Getting fresh fruits, also fresh garden sass,
Going to shows their dull hours to pass.
Blighted with bath-tubs, tormented with ice,
Cursed with all comforts not barred by the price.
It is sad to reflect that they're missing the sport
That we lucky ones get at the summer resort.
—Chicago "News."

Why They Didn't Marry.

"I—WANTED to ask why none of you girls ever got married," he stammered as a preliminary to popping the question to one of the family of five daughters.
"Why, you see, it's just this way," she said confidently, "when a young man comes to see one of us the others are so eaten up with curiosity that they make some excuse to rush in, and always at the wrong time."
She blushed prettily, and he braced up with a come-one-come-all, this-rock-shall-fly-from-its-firm-base-as-soon-as-I-air, and began again:



AT LAST AN HONEST MAN.

Diogenes Whitney—At last I have found a man who has got his graft in and is honest enough to own up to it. Jim Conmee—That's what.

"Then I won't take any chances. The coast is clear just now, and I—"

"Ha! ha! Maud's got a new beau!" rang out a loud voice. He dropped her hand as if it had been a live coal and pushed his chair to the other side of the room before she could assure him that it was only the parrot.

It takes a man quite a while to recover from such a shock, but he moved his chair into line again, and began tremblingly: "Miss M—Maud, I wanted to ask you—"

"Maud—Maud, is that fire smoking?"

It was her mother's voice this time, and there was another dissolving view of the lovers as they whisked far apart.

Being satisfied on the point of the fire, the mother withdrew from the head of the stairs and the perspiring lover returned to the charge.

"Good gracious!" he ejaculated, "I see why you girls don't get married! It's now or never"—as he heard the front door open—"Miss Maud, I want to ask you—"

"Good evening! Ha! ha! this is comfort," said the rubicund father of the family as he advanced to the fire. "Don't go, Mr. Smith, I want to talk to you about my new deal in Kaffirs. You needn't sit up, Maud. I'll turn off the gas all right."

With such obtuse heads to it, there never will be a wedding in that family—never!—"Pick-Me-Up."

Money as a Lubricant.

"WE all go to the devil," said Dr. Hillis, in New York the other night, "when we have fifty thousand a year." "Or most of us," he added, hedging a little. "Some men can stand it, but not many."

Fifty thousand a year is the income of only one million well invested, and we have long since lost the habit of accounting the one-million man rich, comments "Harper's Weekly." The proportion of the fifty-thousand-a-year men to the rest of the population is not yet large, but the absolute number of them is pretty big, and if most of them are going to the devil it is a serious matter. However, Dr. Hillis was not dealing with statistics, but giving colloquial expression to an opinion. The opinion was that an income of fifty thousand a year is unwholesome. He spoke of divorce in "high life," and of "the pampered sons and daughters of luxury, rotten before they are ripe, and drowned in the honeysuckle juice of indulgence." We all see enough of the evils of wealth; of lives that might have been useful blighted by it; of homes that might have been happy devastated by it. Any industrious and observant person could get together facts enough about promising young lives that had come to no good from lack of the pressure of necessity, to make careful citizens hesitate to say whether, if they had to choose, they would prefer the risks of fifty thousand a year or tuberculosis. And yet, fifty thousand a year has its good points, its opportunities, its privileges; there are facts and considerations that go far towards neutralizing its perils. . . . It is an awful thing to be rid of the struggle for existence. It is really the next thing to being dead, and yet it is what almost every one of us aspires to and reaches after all the time. The first thing the beginner usually tries to buy with his money is ease; the next is pleasure. That's where the fifty thousand gets in its deadly work. When it possesses ease and pleasure instead of opportunity, it may raise the devil with him, as Dr. Hillis justly suggests. But it doesn't always happen so. . . . A big man deep in work in a big way burns money nowadays as a locomotive burns coal. Money saves his time. Money rests him, saves his strength, repairs his health, amuses him when he needs amusement. It is an exceedingly expensive matter to keep one of our modern high-class workmen in working order. He needs yachts, cabs, cooks, stenographers, secretaries, houses, special trains, physicians, horses, automobiles—as much apparatus as a hotel or ship. Fifty thousand a year is a bagatelle to such a person. He uses it for mere purposes of lubrication. But fifty thousand a year to keep an idle youth idle is another story, or more often a succeeding chapter of the same story. A big man with a big income doing a great work is an edifying sight, but frivolous youths and plunging yokels amusing themselves with the incomes of princes are a good deal of a nuisance, and one that overmuch abounds.

A Close View of the Pope.

A gentleman who was present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pope's reign at St. Peter's, Rome, thus describes the appearance of Leo: "A little, tired old man, almost nothing but a spot of ash-grey amid all the purple, gold and white, he looked like some faded idol, wrapped in precious cloths—something unreal—that surprised one to see it move—when slowly it raised itself from its chair and elevated its hand over the people, while all shrieked and cheered, 'Viva Leone! Viva il Papa-Re!' On his way back to the Vatican he passed again—no bigger than a child, so feebly, yet so bravely raising himself in his chair to bless the people. Not for a moment did it seem to me to be the High Priest of the Roman Catholic Church that was being cheered, but an old man, good and wise—and I must confess it, I, too, cried 'Viva Leone! Viva il Papa-Re!'"

When Water Was Taboo.

Dr. Hamer, in a report on aerated waters, in London, hazards the opinion that plain water is less drunk than formerly. It depends on what is meant by "formerly." Water was once in disfavor with the medical profession. Sir William Vaughan in his "Natural and Artificial Directions for Health," pronounced that water "ought seldom to be drunk." Another doctor admitted that it might be healthy for children, but not for men—"except some odd abstemious one among a thousand per chance, degenerate and of a dogfish nature, for dogs of nature do abhor wine." Indeed, the recommendation of water as a beverage was the hallmark of the quack, and even Wesley, in his "Primitive Physic," wrote of it with caution: "Drink only water if it agrees with your stomach; if not, good, clear small beer."

Breakfast Food.

People who are accustomed to partake of dry toast and hot water for breakfast will enjoy the point of view of a waiter in a restaurant of the far West, as told by the New York "Times." The traveler from the East took his seat at the table one pleasant morning and gazed pensively out of the window until some one approached. "Have you any breakfast food?" he enquired. "Well, I guess yes," cheerfully responded the cowboy waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spareribs, mutton chops, corn-beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, hot bread, cold bread, corn bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea and buttermilk. Breakfast food! Why, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Is Golf Really Scotch?

How about the "I" in golf? Do you pronounce it or don't you? If you take it as seriously as some of the English you will plunge into the deeper dispute as to whether it is a Scotch game after all. Balmanno Squire writes to the London "Times": "Mr. Webster claims the game, and its name, too, as something essentially Scottish. His grievance against us is that we pronounced the letter 'I' in the word 'golf.' He says, 'I do not count 'polka' as an instance, as it is a Polish word.' Now, there he gives himself away. Suppose that golf is not a Scottish word. Suppose that—well, I may as well with it—suppose that golf is not a Scottish game. As a matter of fact the word golf and the game of golf are both essentially Dutch. The name is from that of a Dutch game played with club and ball. The word golf is from the Dutch word kolf, which means a club, a bat, a golf stick. The game was played in Holland before our Queen Elizabeth began to reign." Nice to be an antiquarian! You pronounce it so! The Assyrians spelled it with a cuneiform which makes your pronunciation a late corruption. What is the Sanscrit original of "kolf," "golf" and "club?"

Have We Come to This?

Drink water, says a Western paper, and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Drink whisky and get the jim-jams. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and get courage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire tetanus. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. Drink wine and get the gout. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.

Magnifying the Immaterial.

PERSONAL privacy seems to be less respected and less valued than formerly. Men and women of to-day discuss their likes and dislikes, their habits, their monetary affairs, even their diseases, with little reserve of modesty. It is the era of the society column, and one might as well be out of the world as out of the newspapers. It is the day of the omnipresent camera and the cheap half-tone. Obscure and mediocre indeed is that individual whose name or features have never for any purpose made acquaintance with the printing press.

Consider, for a moment, the amount of space and money devoted by the Yankee illustrated papers to picturing the exceeding homely features and the least significant actions of the somewhat noisy and spectacular individual who, for the time being, and by grace of Good Luck, is chief magistrate of the American Union. What reader of these papers has not been impelled to mirth or anger by the incessant reproduction, week after week and month after month, of the Rooseveltian pose and the Rooseveltian scowl? "Teddy's" recent record-breaking tour has afforded the camera fiend an unexampled opportunity to spread himself, and incidentally the features of the homeliest of presidents, over a vast area of woodpulp. But Roosevelt could never have been snapshotted in so many and varied attitudes had he not been a consenting party. Everybody knows that he is good and eager to get into the center of the limelight. But what a nauseating spectacle—to see the head of a mighty nation cheaply courting newspaper notoriety!

The same tendency of the age to truck and trade in personal details, regardless of good taste and propriety, is observable in other directions. Take the case of the Emerson centenary, recently celebrated. Hardly a worthy discussion in any newspaper or review of the Concord philosopher's real contribution to the stock of human ideas, but instead a lot of vapid and inane "reminiscences" and "impressions" by his friends and contemporaries—one writer esteeming it worthy of record that Emerson said to her at his tea-table with bland hospitality, "Won't you try a piece of Mrs. Emerson's snapcake?"

But a much more pronounced illustration is the Carlyle controversy. Why should the domestic bickerings and physical ailments of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Carlyle—both of whom seem to have been unmitigated cranks—form the subject-matter of a whole library of "literature"? The two large volumes which have just been added to this stale controversy are necessarily the dreariest of dreary reading—the introduction by Sir James Orichton-Browne, a specialist in nervous diseases, amply proving that Mrs. Carlyle was a sufferer from all manner of nervous maladies—hysteria, neurasthenia, melancholy. The inference sought to be established is that she, and not Carlyle, was responsible for the interminable wrangling which ruined their domestic life. Carlyle's character, seriously impeached by his biographer Froude, is thus rehabilitated at the expense of Mrs. Carlyle's temper and tongue, which truly seem to have been not the most amiable.

The lack of consideration for others which characterizes the dwelling on one's bodily "symptoms," so common in modern converse, was never more pitifully illustrated than in these letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. There is scarce an organ of her body on which she does not dilate with morbid love of minute detail. Stomach, spine, head, throat, eyes, liver—all are treated with drugs and blisters and poultices—and her husband and friends are forced to be figuratively present while the doses are swallowed and the fomentations applied and the nauseas allayed. The morbid story ought to serve to seal the lips of every woman who reads it, and to stay her pen whenever she is tempted to speak or write of her own ailments.

But because Mrs. Carlyle was a hypochondriac and insanely jealous of her husband, is Carlyle to be excused for being a boor, an ingrate and a fretful child? Of what service to mankind can this endless discussion and dissection of a pathetic hearthside tragedy ever be? Carlyle and Jane Welsh Carlyle have long since gone to their accounting. Why not leave them in peace, and let their differences be buried with them? Why seek to penetrate into their very bed-chamber, break open their most private letters, and gratify the idle curiosity of idle people with such "revelations" as these?

Does it not all go to show that we of the twentieth century have come to esteem too lightly the most sacred of personal rights—that of privacy and that of domestic asylum?

LANCE.

The Character and Quality of a Kiss.

HE was not unpractical—not a bit of it! Brave and honest to a fault, and in his bearing manliness personified. But when love cast her fetters round him, ah! that was quite a different story. "Popping the question" seemed to him nothing more nor less than a refined torture.

She was lying curled up in a hammock. 'Twas a heavenly day in June. Book and sunshade had slipped from her listless fingers. He only meant to revive that good old custom of "a pair of gloves for foreit." Well, who wouldn't? She opened her violet blue eyes suddenly, and said accusingly, and with a little tremble in her voice, "You—kissed me."

He lost nerve completely—and felt dreadfully behind the game. Then he stammered a denial. "I know it was you," she insisted. The doubt in her mind was not as regarded the kiss, evidently.

"Quite a lot of fellows have passed this way," he asserted. "There's Baby Martin, and Jim Carruthers, and Sex—" "How can you say so?" she interrupted, sternly; "it was you, I know it."

He gathered a sort of desperate courage, though he felt frozen by her look. "How could you know?" he demanded, triumphantly. A rosy flush spread over the creamy pallor of her face.

"Did I ever—ever—kiss you before?" A faint "Never" from the hammock.

"Well, as you insist I did kiss you just now, there is only one way to put the matter to a fair test." He was getting indignant. "I propose to have that way adopted."

He paused. She looked uneasy, but did not interrupt him. Steadily his courage was rising. "If I kiss you now," he said, "you can decide whether or not I was guilty before." It was a fearful risk, but he hoped a repetition of the terrible deed might soften her.

The rosy flush ebbed away from her cheeks, leaving her quite pale. She replied firmly: "You have a right to be cleared from my accusation, and—to ensure fairness—I—I—will."

"It is fairness I ardently desire," he said firmly, and truthfully (for did he not desire her above all things living?). "May I suggest that you close your eyes, that you may give your undisturbed attention to the character and quality?"

"But I was—sound asleep before," she urged. "Pretense must do now," he said, with admirably simulated sang-froid.

"Please be so kind as to hurry, won't you?" "I wish to be perfectly fair," he wisely and judiciously answered, and somehow a suspicion of laughter seemed to have crept into their voices.

She closed her eyes, and clenched her soft hands, while carnation and white rose fought for victory in her cheeks. He drew a long breath, and slowly, tenderly, caressingly, swept her lips with his—once—twice—and then it was over!

She sighed, her eyelids fluttered. She clasped her hands, looked dreamily up at him, and murmured softly, with deep conviction, "I don't think the other—one—was you."

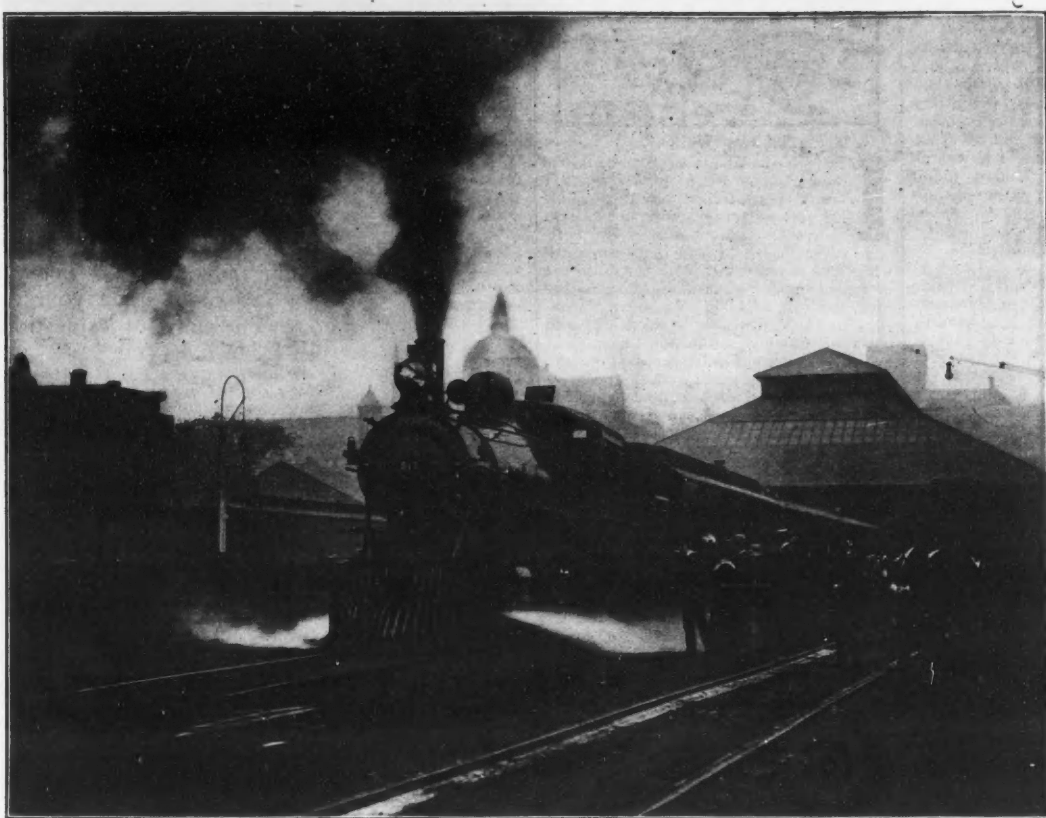
And so, the character and quality of that kiss swept away all difficulties from the path of a lover whose reticence stood him in poor stead when he desired to speak from out of the fullness of his heart and could not. No need to say more than that these two fully understand each other now and for always.

JETNA.

Vacation Time.

WE are now in the height of the outdoor season, and for the next few months the consideration of the vacation about to come, or just enjoyed, will have a large share in our thoughts. It is a trite saying that each of us is at heart a savage, as shown at least once a year in the desire to return for a time to the habits of those primitive ancestors who depended for support on the flesh of the beasts and birds they hunted, the fish they took from the waters, or the roots and fruits yielded by the soil.

This may be true enough, but it seems more probable that since the pleasures of life consist chiefly in its changes and contrasts, we who are civilized, who live in cities, towns, villages, or, at all events, in houses, and are bound by all the restraints of civilized life, find our greatest pleasure in escap-



A Twentieth Century Train.—The Imperial Limited leaving Windsor Station, Montreal.

ing for a time from society's binding conventionalities. We long for a freedom unknown to our customary life, for an independence experienced only by natural beings who wander at will when and where they choose, lie down to sleep at their own pleasure, eat when hungry, and not at set times, and are their own masters. One and all of society's members are struggling in the race for such measure of wealth as shall give them independence, shall enable them to do pretty much as they like, but none ever attains his desire. The man who has become rich has formed such a habit of money making that it becomes far stronger than his old desire for freedom, for the time when he could travel, could spend days or weeks in close communion with nature, fishing, shooting, or wandering at will. Yet each of us who spends his vacation in the forest, amongst the mountains, on the lakes or sea shore, is richer far than he who can find no time for anything but sordid money getting—in the sense that he is happier, that he is doing those things he has longed for, looked forward to, and which give him a nobler kind of satisfaction; and particularly, in that he has, for a time at least, laid aside care, and so become a child again with a child's freedom from the galling anxieties of life, but with much more than a child's capacity for enjoyment. Let us, then, make the most of the short season of relief, for it will be a whole year, perhaps, before the opportunity presents itself again.

DELMAR.

At Sunset's Hour.

On the quaint, low bridge beyond the village,
I stand, at the close of a golden day;
While, fragrant with balsam, the wind is blowing
From the pine woods, far away.

'Yond the distant hill-tops, the sun, resplendent,
Descends to his night-long, deep repose;
And over the little lake's tranquil bosom
Steal loveliest tints of rose.

To its faithful guardian, yon ancient willow,
The river murmurs a low "good-night."
Then, joyously rippling, hastens on, coquetting
With many a water sprite.

The delicate leaves of the maple quiver
'Neath the light caress of the evening breeze,
And clear sounds the twitter of birds returning
To their nests in the cedar trees.

Hesperus rises, serene in her beauty,
And the darkening sky o'er the hush'd earth bends,
While into my soul, breathing balm and solace,
The spirit of peace descends.

HELEN A. HOLTON.

The Horse and the Jockey.

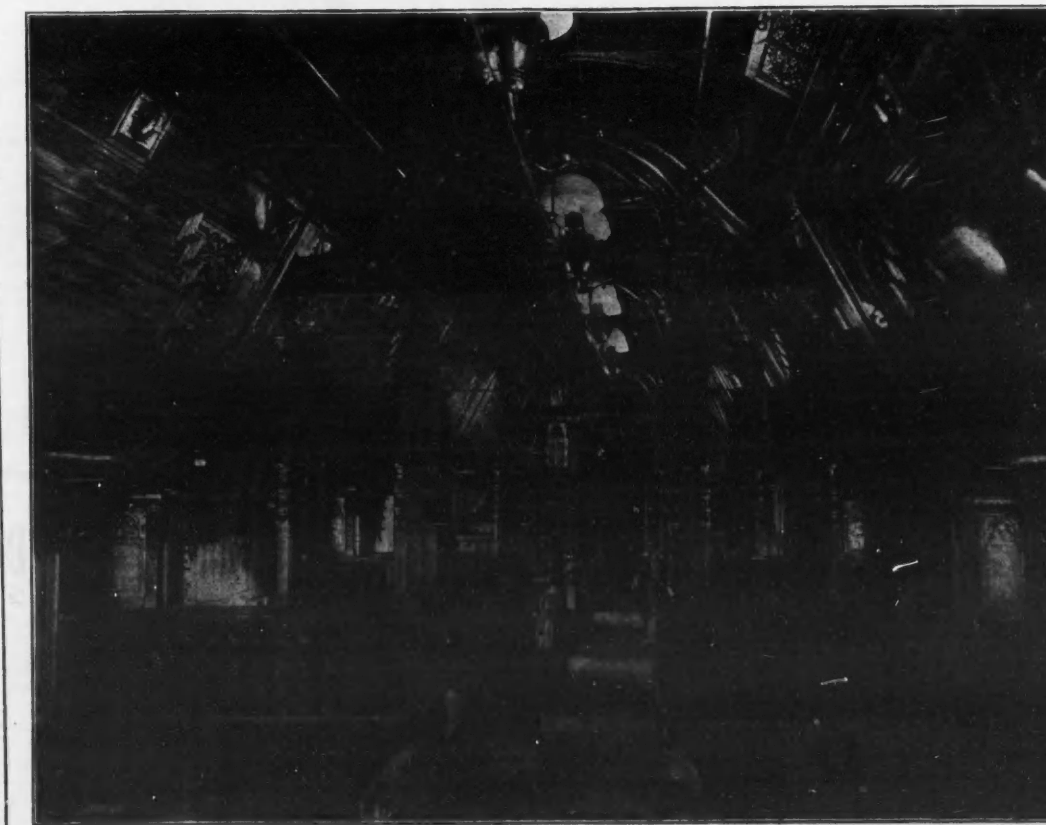
A Jockey, who had just won the Derby and was consequently a Bit above himself, began to boast of his Victory in the Presence of the Horse he had ridden.

The latter, after listening a while in Silence, remarked drily:

"I suppose it was you, then, upon those little Bow-legs of yours, that galloped the Course in two and three-quarter Minutes?"

"And I suppose," retorted the Jockey, "that you, then, upon those four Spindle-Shanks of yours, can win a Race without a Bit in your Mouth and a Man on your Back?"

Moral—It is Brain and Force together that win.—London "Truth."



A Twentieth Century Train.—A glimpse of a luxurious interior.

The "Imperial Limited."

THERE is no more wonderful train in the world than the Canadian Pacific's "Imperial Limited," which crosses the continent from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean in ninety-seven hours, and therefore much interest attaches to the unique views presented on this page—the first showing the train pulling out of Windsor Station, Montreal, with the domes and towers of the city in dim outline in the background, and the second an interior of one of the coaches de luxe composing the train. The Imperial Limited service was inaugurated a week earlier this year than usual. Next year it is predicted there will be a more momentous change, when the company expect to have two trains leaving Montreal daily, one of which will be the Imperial Limited, running its race in ninety-seven hours. This year it will run three times a week, the days of departure from Montreal being Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and from Vancouver, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. The company lays itself out to provide on this train for the tastes and purses of all classes of patrons. The wealthy may secure seclusion in state-rooms of ivory and gold with the comforts of a drawing-room with its velvet frappe upholstery. His less fortunate brother, whom the spurs of ambition have driven forth to carve a career in the great West, where the possibilities are elemental and vast as nature herself, may find a comfortable lodging and cook his own food at a range that would make many a housewife burn with envy, for the small charge of a couple of dollars a day in addition to the ordinary railway fare, while he is being whirled along to meet destiny at a speed of forty miles an hour. The train as a rule consists of two palace sleepers of the most modern type, two tourist sleepers, one upholstered in leather and the other in corduroy; dining-car and cars for the accommodation of the ordinary first-class passengers—each car solidly built, wide vestibuled throughout and with exquisite finish both internal and external. In the run through the Rockies the dining-cars are dispensed with, for beyond Lagan meals are provided at the charming hotel chalets at Field, Glacier and North Bend. The floral decorations on the tables are delightfully refreshing—the dining service could not be excelled in any hotel. Each guest finds a boutonniere by the side of his plate and a beautifully designed menu tells of the good things from which he may make his choice, and shows him pictures of the mountain scenery, with all the delicacy of shading that is known to the engraver's art.

When a Woman Weeps.

"TEARs! Of course I believe in tears, don't you?" stoutly confessed Mrs. John Matrimonial Bliss, as she popped a darning egg into a sock of manly proportions, and drew her own conclusion from some grim lines lurking about the corners of Mrs. Tommy Topflat's pretty mouth.

"To be perfectly frank, Mrs. Topflat, I don't mind confessing that I've experimented with both methods myself, and I speak from the fulness of ripe matrimonial experience when I say that the tear in time—the judicious, sincere, yet freely sprinkled tear—keeps married life a deal sweeter than the sulks. And the sulks are simply bound to come when a woman can't or won't cry. The medical profession is willing to stand up for the purely hygienic importance of tears, and I believe they keep a woman's eyes bright, her heart tender, her nature forgiving, her laughter sweet, spontaneous and hearty, and wrinkles and grey hairs from premature appearance."

"I reckon, though," continued Mrs. Bliss, "that every bride takes the same silly, solemn, private resolution that I registered when I married my John. If ever our domestic machinery ran a trifle hard, or if the patent up-to-date philosophical self-restraint temper brakes refused to work—a con-

dition I hardly contemplated as possible—there were not going to be any scenes or tears on my part. Those feeble after-fuges of my uneducated foremothers were to be replaced by a quiet, dispassionate talking it over with John, by intellectual debate, and a spirit of Christian forgiveness."

"It was a noble and very common resolve. Every bride makes it and breaks it. All through the honeymoon it worked like a charm, and I was so proud of myself, until something suddenly happened."

"As nearly as I can now remember, it all took place one morning, when John got overwrought about an eccentric collar button that finally skipped under the chiffonier, where he pursued it with a stick and language, got a mouthful of lint in consequence, and rose from his knees, red, indignant and casting unworthy insinuations at my good name as a neat housekeeper. Thereupon my righteous wrath foamed up, and I blushed to say that we both flung winged words about in a very childish fashion."

"It was not nice, but it was thoroughly human, and with a stiff upper lip and a hard eye I went in to breakfast. At dinner the atmosphere was just as highly charged, but we learnedly discussed the new star in the constellation of Cassiopeia, recently discovered by Professor Peek-a-booo, as long as the suspicious maid was present. The rest of the time a stifling silence reigned. Even now I shiver at the bare recollection of that dreadful forty-eight hours when we were only officially on speaking terms, and when John—poor dear, who can't cry himself—was waiting and longing for me to melt and give him a chance at peacemaking."

"During these black, blank hours I clung to my pet theory of cold-blooded settlement by the new fearless method of arbitration. Indeed, we might still be living on the hideous hollow crust of appearances if, just as I was putting the cream on a helping of wine jelly, and preparing to pass it, with a frozen stare, to the sour-faced man at the other side of the table, I hadn't choked and a pelting shower of tears hadn't overtaken me. They ran right down into the wine jelly before John, frightened and surprised out of his wits, could rush to the rescue with a big, soft, lavender-scented man's handkerchief, a broad shoulder, abject concessions, apologies, and such vigorous pats on the back that you might suppose I had been trying to swallow a wishbone."

"We kissed again with tears, like the poet's couple that fell out, and if my nose was a trifle pink, and if John's shirt-front looked as though a cyclone had passed over it, he was happy, and my eyes were bright. We both felt about ten years younger, and there wasn't the least sting of the late unpleasantness left behind."

"Since that epoch-making occasion I've had the common-sense to respect the power of tears, and to use these potent weapons of defence when the occasion demands."

Favorite Songs of Famous Men.

"Brightly Glimpses Our Banner," Hon. G. W. Ross.
"O, Happy Band of Pilgrims!" Hon. J. M. Gibson.
"Comin' Thro' the Rye," Hon. John Dryden.
"Woodman, Spare that Tree," Hon. E. J. Davis.
"One Sweetly Solemn Thought," Hon. J. R. Stratton.
"In the Sweet By-and-By," J. W. St. John.
"Draw Me Nearer," J. Conmee.
"Work, for the Night is Coming," Hon. F. R. Latchford.
"In Heavenly Love Abiding," Beattie Nesbitt.
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," "Cap." Sullivan.
"A Charge to Keep I Have," Colonel J. P. Whitney.
"Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow," Rev. J. A. Macdonald.



EACH TO HIS TASTE.

Brown—This Ice Trust is an imposition and a freeze-out.
Bowls—Huh! what's that compared with the rise in the price of beer?

Origin of the Term "Bucket-Shop."

TRADING was dull on 'Change the other day, and a little group of brokers were discussing the markets and gossiping. During the progress of the conversation someone made use of the term "bucket-shop," using it in the generally accepted sense of to-day. "That reminds me," said Thomas H. Doyle, "that I was present when the word 'bucket-shop' was coined. It was, let me see, thirty years ago, when the old Chicago Board of Trade stood at Washington and La Salle streets."

"William Pieronette, one of the old-time brokers of Chicago, Abel Adams of Minneapolis, and myself were entering Henry Lindsen's buffet at Exchange place and Gamblers' alley. I was, I regret to say, about to indulge in a mild libation. This interesting situation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of 'Bill' Lincoln, a well-known character on 'Change, who rushed up to Pieronette and said, 'Let me have ten dollars for a stake, and I will go over on the Open Board of Trade and buy a thousand bushels of wheat.' 'What!' roared Pieronette, 'buy wheat in that d-d bucket-shop! Not with my money. Come in and I will buy you a drink, but it shall not be said that I, a member of the Board of Trade, encouraged a man to buy his wheat in a place where he could buy thousands of bushels and carry away his holdings in a bucket.'"

How Much Did Yours Cost?

THE vogue of the so-called Panama hat continues unbroken, but if the figures given in one of the London dailies are any index to the value of the genuine article, it is safe betting that there are not many "Panamas" in Toronto which would pass expert inspection. In New York, merchants have this year been advertising them up to as high as \$360. In London many hats have been sold this season for as much as £15 each, but even this price, large as it seems, is a small one, for those who profess to know have stated that the King paid no less than £80 last summer for what was described as being the best Panama hat in London that year. Several hats, however, have been sold for £100, and M. Jean de Reszke, the famous tenor, is credited with having given £120 for his Panama. The president of one of the South American Republics, however, has a hat for which it is reported he has refused £150, while one which General Grant used at one time to wear cost twice as much.

Both Mistaken.

An Irish merchant, who had more money in his pocket than his appearance denoted, took a seat in a first-class carriage. A dandy fellow passenger was much annoyed at Pat's presence, and, missing his handkerchief, taxed him with having picked his pocket. After recovering the handkerchief, which he had put in his hat, he made a lame apology, but Pat stopped him with the remark, "Make yourself easy, darlint; don't bother about the matter. You took me for a thafe, I took you for a gentleman. We were both of us mistaken, that's all, me honey."

Clergyman—Your husband is now with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Widow—I hope those fellows don't play poker.



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi Janos

Nature's Laxative Water
CURES ALL THESE TROUBLES
Dose: Half a Tumbler on Rising

Anecdotal.

Shortly before his death, Thomas B. Reed was the center of a group at the Century Club, in New York. The talk got around to Roosevelt. "Y-a-a-s, I admire Roosevelt very much," drawled Mr. Reed; "I admire him very much, indeed. What I admire most about him is his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments."

In his "Outre Mer," Paul Bourget declared that "life can never get entirely dull to the American, because whenever he cannot strike any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years trying to find out who his grandfather was." To which Mark Twain replied: "I reckon the Frenchman's got his little stand-by for a dull time, too, because when all other interests fail he can turn in and see if he can't find out who his father was."

A delightful literary find must be credited to the authority of a recent book, "Side-lights on Charles Lamb." Dining one day with a friend and being pressed to take some rhubarb pie, Lamb declined because it was physic. "That may be," said his host, "but it is pleasant and innocent." "So is a daisy," rejoined Lamb, "but I don't therefore like daisy pie." "Daisy pie! Who ever heard of daisy pies?" said someone at the table. "My authority is Shakespeare," Lamb replied. "He expressly mentions daisies pie." The phrase occurs in the song at the end of "Love's Labor's Lost."

Andrew Lang tells this story illustrating the rigorous and ascetic life of the Scots. "It seems that a laird, in the year 1765, set out to join the Pretender, taking with him his son, a youth of sixteen or so. One night this laird and his little troop were compelled to sleep in the open, though it was snowing, and snow lay deep upon the ground. Father and son kept together, and together they prepared to turn in for the night. The son, having wrapped his plaid about him, made himself a pillow of snow, and was about to lay his head on it when his father kicked the little cold white mound away. 'This is too soon, truly,' he growled, 'for you to indulge in luxuries.'"

A well-known theatrical manager, who is distinguished rather for his business ability than for his knowledge of literature, was visited not long ago by an aspiring playwright. He had with him, he explained to the manager, the manuscript of a play based on one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, which he was sure was destined to make a sensational hit on the stage. The manager consented to hear the play, and listened with increasing interest as the playwright read from his manuscript. He was enthusiastic when the end was reached. "That's fine!" he exclaimed—"fine! Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: You and Mr. Poe come in to-morrow and we'll talk this thing over."

Count Tolstoi does not bear a very kindly attitude toward the many curious admirers who besiege his Russian home in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great novelist. A party of visiting American tourists who called not long ago to pay their respects were not, therefore, very cordially received. Tolstoi refused to meet them; but he reluctantly consented to stand on his doorstep and let himself be seen. One of the visitors, however, could not resist the temptation to speak to the great man. "Oh, Count Tolstoi," she exclaimed effusively, approaching the author with outstretched hand, "I enjoyed your last book so much!" "You refer, I suppose," replied Tolstoi, "to 'Dead Souls'?" The lady assented joyfully. "Um," remarked the novelist, "Gogol wrote that."

A Southern clergyman had married a pair of negroes. After the ceremony the groom asked, "How much you charge for dis?" "Well," said the minister, "I usually leave that to the groom. Sometimes I am paid five dollars, sometimes

ten, sometimes less." "Dat's a lot ob money, pahson. Tell yo' what Ah'll do. Ah'll gib yo' two dollars, an' den of I fin' I ain't got cheated, I'll gib yo' mo' in a month." A month later the groom returned. "Ah's yere, lak Ah promised, pahson." "Yes," said the minister, expectantly. "Ah tol' yo' dat ef it was all right, Ah'd gib yo' mo' money, didn't Ah?" "You did." "Well, pahson, as dis yere am a sort of speculation, Ah reckon yo' owe me about a dollah an' eighty-five cents, an' Ah come ter git it."

That Sir Henry Irving is quite capable of maintaining his dignity under somewhat trying circumstances is shown by the following anecdote which is told of the tragedian by Mr. C. R. Kennedy of the "Everyman" company. On one occasion Irving's company, having been called to the theater for rehearsal, found upon their arrival that they were considerably ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration, a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

Lincoln's greatest legal triumph was the acquittal of an old neighbor named Duff Armstrong, who was charged with murder. Several witnesses testified that they saw the accused commit the deed one night about eleven o'clock. Lincoln attempted no cross-examination, except to persuade them to reiterate their statements and to explain that they were able to see the act distinctly because of the bright moonlight. By several of the prosecuting witnesses he proved the exact position and size of the moon at the time of the murder. The prosecution there rested, and Lincoln, addressing the court and the jury, announced that he had no defence to submit except an almanac, which would show that there was no moon on that night. The state's attorney was paralyzed, but the court admitted the almanac as competent testimony, and every witness was completely impeached and convicted of perjury. The verdict was not guilty.

James Whitcomb Riley went to Philadelphia recently to sit to John S. Sargent for his portrait. The sittings were in John Lambert's studio, in South Seventh street. Mr. Riley, during one of them, said: "Bill Nye and I once played a good trick on a New York man of wealth. He was an insufferable snob—insufferable. All over his house hung family trees, ancestral portraits, crests and coats-of-arms. You'd have thought him descended in a direct line from at least a hundred earls. It happened in New York one day that Nye was upset by a dray and rolled about in the mud. When he got up he was a sight. His clothes were in rags, his shirt and face black, and his hat without a rim. 'Let's go and see—' he said suddenly. 'Think how disgusted he'll be to see me in this rag.' We went to —'s house, and a funky in knee breeches answered our ring. 'Mr. — is not at home,' he said. 'Oh, very well,' said Nye. 'Just tell him that my uncle from the workhouse called.'"

Maud Gonne, the turbulent Irish agitator, does not sympathize with George Moore's hopeless view of the Irish situation, and in a recent talk with him she said, as Mr. Moore tells the story: "I wish that Ireland could get back her stolen liberty as the miser of Donegal got back his stolen guineas. Don't you know that tale? Well, I'll tell it then. It seems that the Donegal miser had buried 100 guineas under an apple tree in his garden, and his neighbor, a prying and dishonest man, discovered the hiding place and took the gold. The miser, when he discovered the theft, was heartbroken, but, being a resourceful man, he cast about him, and finally hit upon a plan to make good his loss. He called on the neighbor, whom he had suspected from the first, and said: 'Mike, lad, I have 200 guineas saved. I have buried 100, and the other 100 I think of putting with their brothers; but I'm wondering if burial's a safe way to keep money. What, Mike, is your opinion?' Mike thought a bit, then answered, 'Burial's fine. Sure, burial's fine.' 'I agree with you,' said the miser of Donegal, 'and to-morrow night I'll lay this last 100 guineas where the first are.' He departed, and that evening had the satisfaction of seeing from a hiding place his dishonest neighbor replace the stolen guineas in the hole from which they had been filched."

Cured His Bright's Disease.

Former President of Bricklayers' Union used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Andrew McCormick, of Toronto, Tells of a Cure for the most dreaded of all Diseases.

Toronto, June 15.—(Special).—In these days when the dreaded Bright's Disease seems to be selecting its victims at will the report of an authenticated cure is received with relief by all classes of the community. And such a report comes from Andrew McCormick of 243 Spadina avenue, this city.

That Mr. McCormick is well known and highly respected is evidenced by the fact that he has held high offices in several fraternal societies, and was for several years president of the Bricklayers' Union. Interviewed regarding the cure, Mr. McCormick says:

"I suffered with an attack of Bright's Disease and naturally was much troubled concerning it. I heard of the wonderful cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills and concluded to try them. The result was so satisfactory that it gives me pleasure to recommend them."

Make and keep the Kidneys sound by using Dodd's Kidney Pills and there can be no Bright's Disease.

It Made a Difference.

Lady of the House—Rosa, who is that dragon you had in here yesterday? Servant—Ach; that was my sweetheart, but I shan't have anything more to do with him, because he is always making remarks about everybody. Only yesterday he said: "Rosa, your mistress is the handsomest lady I ever saw." What business has he to talk about you in that fashion?

Lady—Still, he seemed a very decent sort of man, and I do not see why you should jilt him.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Lady Gay's Column

An Ideal Holiday.

I WISH every one of you could be as good St. Paul puts it, "As I am," just at this present moment. I feel so greedy to have it all to myself! To explain. I am writing in a gem of a little room, all white and tender green with the daintiest of frilled muslin curtains swaying in the high, rare air of 1300 feet above Toronto. To the south, the wooded side and crest of Caledon Mountain, reminding me of those great hills across the sea; before me, to the east, a radiant sky, a laughing sun, a stretch of landscape that seems too pretty and too dainty to be anything but a stage picture, and yet convinces me by waving trees, floating clouds, exquisite wafts of perfume and myriad songs of birds that it is real. Just near at hand three terraces drop down from the wide, cool verandah, rustic rails guarding little flights of steps from each to the next; below them are turf, emerald green from recent showers, and great and small stretches of water fringed with trees or edged with prim turf, and down in the shaded corners of these stretches are fish, fish, fish! Little chaps of two inches in the fish kind; garmin ponds, which are ranged along that shady bank, one above the other, with cool, lovely spring water flowing endlessly from its gushing birthplace far afield, and dropping from height to height through pondlet and pipe and lakelet and lake, nursing in wet embrace the baby two-inchers, the primary four-inchers, the intermediate six-inchers and the lower and upper form eight and ten-inchers. For there are nothing but "trouties" in the various schools of which the kindergarten department locates itself just under my window. All day yesterday I was poking and prying into the kindergarten and the primary watching the wee things, following their darting flight, laughing at the intermeddles as they leaped far out of the lakelet after the gnats at eventide, wondering at the tales of "fish-persons" in the Columbia River or the Restigouche learning respect for the funny, scaly creation and almost feeling the scales growing on me after a couple of days of nothing but fish-talk. Do you wonder where I am? Well, I am going to tell you.

In the first place, this is quite the most beautiful part of the province, and I can scarcely believe it is Canada at all, so ignorantly unpatriotic have I been until three days ago. To the west are the sweet, swelling hills of Somerset or Devon; to the east a superlatively beautiful stretch of country like some grand demesne in the loveliest part of England, with soft blue wooded hills ten miles away on the skyline; nearer hills, green and swelling, groves of splendid trees and patches of water, winding paths, leading into wildernesses of verdure. La, la! how can I write you of the fairy scene, that belongs to the happy people who have the entire to this charmed spot? I am brave when I think that it is quite safe to tell, because the beauties cannot be desecrated by hordes of "trippers," nor one jot of its natural worth be depreciated by the vulgarizing that comes with the modern rush to earth's holiday corners. For eleven long miles the "trouties" are to be caught only by the privileged members of the sporting fraternity who have formed themselves into the club which owns the pretty lawns, the ponds and lakes, the luxurious club house, and all the rest of it which constitutes the Caledon Mountain Trout Club.

Yesterday we drove out to Dufferin Lake, and found it exceeding beautiful and tempting. When the rain poured down on us we forgot to grumble; instead we laughed. Dufferin Lake has "trouties" and belongs to the fishing preserves of this millionaire's club in the heights. They tell us there are half a dozen other places to which we might drive and find new beauties at each, but when one has enough, what's the use? And right here at my elbow is the little woman, burlesqued and happy, with her one small trout, caught in the hours of ignorant angling, but worth many times its weight in gold to her, and down below the terraces comes "Johnny," weary, stout and jubilant, with eight good, sweet fish in his creel and the peace of the blessed on his damp brow, and from this side and that comes the same tale of fish, fish, fish! The young millionaire from Gotham, looking like a very bad weather carer, paddles down stream in his wading boots, soaked to the skin in drenching rain, and turns a happy, rosy face, dripping, and glowing, up to the carriage and shouts his willingness to wait another hour for transport home. Old fellows chuckle over a nice catch, argue over flies, exchange more and more yellow stories as the evening glows later, and toddle off to perform trombone solos all night with joy in their souls over their holiday. And women fish and gabble and catch occasional unwary small things (and the same will be big enough by the time we get back to town!), and it is all very lovely and wholesome and perfect, as you who share it know, and you who don't may believe.

Trout-fishing is one of the ameliorations of bad weather, in which it seems to thrive exceedingly. The wetter and dirtier they get the more the fishermen seem to enjoy themselves. And then there is unending fun over the man for whom the fish refuse to bite, the man who goes fishing under an umbrella, the man who swears there isn't a trout in the whole — water, and the man whose little son can catch as many as he likes while dad fishes with empty creel. The glamor of fish is over all of us. We watch them and catch them and cook them (oh, for the big one that fell in the picnic fire!) and eat them and lie about them, and remember them with a sigh for the lovely holiday at the Caledon Club and its ideally managed and plenished club house, where everything is redolent of comfort and beauty, art and luxury, and which should be filled from May to October with the shareholders and their guests, those privileged to enjoy it. It is forecast that a series of cottages will be erected by persons so privileged, who will prize the seclusion and distinction of the club and appreciate the splendidly healthful and invigorating air and surroundings, which, as I write, are glorified by a perfect June day.

LADY GAY.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited

THE FAMOUS "DOROTHY DODD" SHOE DOES AWAY WITH FOOT FATIGUE

You have the average health and the average strength of a woman of your age. Yet you find yourself unduly fatigued by a day spent upon your feet. This is not a question of your condition but a question of your shoes. It is just here that I can help you.

I have built my famous "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe on an entirely new plan—

not shaping it from guesswork measurements on a wood last, but using the actual bones, muscles and ligaments of the foot as the last for the shoe, working entirely from "X-ray" photographs.

The result is the most remarkable shoe you ever dreamed of, and one which makes no day too long for its happy possessor. I can never make you realize its comfort till you try a single pair. Won't you do this right away?

Sincerely yours,

Oxfords, \$3.00; Boots, \$3.75; Specials, 50c. more.

Fast color eyelets used exclusively.

Dorothy Dodd's style book free to any address in Canada.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto. 10 to 16 Colborne St.

Weighing a Thought.

PROFESSOR W. G. ANDERSON of Yale University lately succeeded in practically weighing the result of a thought's action. A student was placed on a "muscle-bed," poised on a balance so that the center of gravity of his body was exactly over its center. When he was set to solving mathematical problems, the increased weight of blood at his head changed his center of gravity and caused an immediate dip of the balance to that side. Repeating the multiplication table of nines caused greater displacement than repeating the table of fives, and, in general, that displacement grew greater with greater intensity of thought. Carrying the experiment further, the experimenter had the student imagine himself going through leg-gymnastics. As he performed the feats mentally, one by one, the blood flowed to the limbs in sufficient quantities to tip the balance according to the movement thought of. By purely mental action the center of gravity of the body was shifted four inches, or as much as by raising the doubled arms above the shoulders. These experiments were repeated on a large number of students, with the same results.

To test still further the mastering influence of mind over muscle, the strength of the right and the left arms of eleven young men was registered. The average strength of the right arms was one hundred and eleven pounds; of the left arms, ninety-seven pounds. The men practised special exercises with the right hand only for one week. Tests of both arms were again made, and while the average strength of the right arm had increased six pounds, that of the unexercised left arm had increased seven pounds. This showed clearly that the brain action connected with the gymnastics developed not only the muscles put in action, but also other muscles controlled by the same portion of the brain. This could only come about by sending blood and nervous force to the proper parts by purely mental action. Professor Anderson says of the results:

"I can prove by my muscle-bed that the important thing in all exercises is the mental effort put forth. I can lie down on this muscle-bed and think of a jig, and though apparently my feet do

not move, and actually the muscles are not active, the muscle-bed sinks toward my feet, showing that there has been a flow of blood toward the muscles, and that, if I did dance a jig, the muscles would be well supplied with blood under this mental stimulus."—J. Lincoln Brooks, in "Success."

Blue-Bells.

"One day, one day, I'll climb that distant hill
And pick the blue-bells there!"
So dreamed the child who lived beside the mill,
And breathed the lowland air.
"One day, one day, when I am old, I'll go
And climb the mountain where the blue-bells blow!"
One day! one day! The child was now a maid,
A girl with laughing look;
She and her lover sought the valley-glade
Where sang the silver brook.
"One day," she cried, "love, you and I will go
And reach that far hill where the blue-bells blow!"
Years passed. A woman now, with wearier eyes,
Gazed towards that sun-lit hill.
Tail children clustered round her. How time flies!
The blue-bells blossomed still.
She'll never gather them! All dreams fade so.
We live and die, and still the blue-bells blow.
—George Barlow.

He Received His Sight.

A STORY of a man blind from birth and who can now see, is told by a London "Daily Mail" correspondent. It was on April 24 that John Carruth left his home at Croft Head, Bridge of Weir, for the Glasgow Ophthalmic Hospital, where the operation which gave him his sight was performed. The first face he saw was that of Dr. Stewart. He did not know what it was at first, but when the doctor spoke he knew that what he was looking at must be a face. It was like a dream. "I was so bewitched," said Carruth; "all was so beautiful! Then the day after the operation. That was the day the bandages were removed. Then Carruth beheld the first woman he had ever seen. She was Nurse Mellor. 'I knew she was a woman because her face was pale and smooth. I was too long in seeing Dr. Ramsay. I should like to have seen his face first.'"

"No words were too good for 'Nurse,' or for all the nurses. And his mother! With what emotion he spoke of the first time he saw her. 'I kind of surprised her,' he said, proudly. 'She came to the ward and said, 'How are you getting on?' Well, I had a peep at her sideways and asked her how many wrinkles she had on her brow. Then she said, joyfully, 'You can see. How can you tell? Can you count them?' I could not see eye enough for that, but I could see her dear face.'"

"Then, what does he think of women now that he first beholds them? They are very beautiful, he says. 'They all seem so good. I think the world and the people in it are fine. I have always (this with a touch of pride) thought a good deal of the ladies, and now it is so good to see their faces, to look at them in their fine dresses. They always told me women were my best friends, and I always knew they were, but now I know it more than ever. They are so kind and gentle, beautiful and graceful.'"

"What did he think of the earth? 'Oh, it is lovely! So much lovelier and greater than I had ever thought or imagined. I am surprised and overjoyed. I had never thought there was such difference and variety in the appearance of things. Coming home I was really overwhelmed as we rushed past the green fields and trees.'"



Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period—how they can avoid pain, suffering and remove the cause.

"I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds and feet wetting."

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment and was cured a month later. I am like another person since I am in perfect health."—Miss A. VES MILLER, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of woman's health. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruation, and makes those periods painless.

Carruth learns every moment. He says that he often dreamed that he would see the world, but he never imagined it as it is. He had no idea there were so many people on earth. Carruth is in a curious fix with his neighbors. He knows them all by the sound of their voice. In his blindness they called to him and he replied, but now when he sees them he is unable to recognize them until they speak.

Not Transparent.

Lawyer Bullyrag—Sir, you have stated under oath that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?

Witness—Well—er—a gentleman looks—er—

Lawyer Bullyrag—I don't want any of your "ers," sir; and remember that you are under oath. Can you see in this court room any person that looks like a gentleman?

Witness (with sudden asperity)—I could if you would stand out of the way. You're not transparent.

An Irish Miracle.

"And is it swimming you mane?" observed the O'Flaherty. "By Jabers, thin, ye should see the little devils of South Say Islanders! Sure, and they run down to the beach and dive into the water long before they can walk at arl, at arl."



BABY'S OWN SOAP
prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.
Best for toilet and nursery use. 038
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

In the Kitchen.

The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and kitchen.
It does not cake—it dissolves easily—it is nothing but pure Salt.

Windsor Salt.

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BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

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Character in Names.

THE name by which a person is generally called—usually his Christian name—is an important factor in deciding his character, and may modify his physique, is the startling theory of an English writer. Some names seem to have more effect than others, but very few are quite without influence.

If you are told the name by which a man is familiarly called—though you have never seen him and know no more than the name—you may begin to form an opinion of him.

For instance, no Arthur, in the habit of being called Arthur, can expect to be a strong man. From King Arthur to the present day, Arthurs have very rarely been strong. They are frequently amiable and cultured, they may attain to high positions, and they need not be absurdly weak. But they are not what would be described as strong men. George Eliot knew that.

I will give a few names and the characteristics which are generally associated with them. The reader can test for himself how far the characterization is correct.

David and Andrew, for example, make shrewd lawyers or clever doctors; they are cautious and moderate. Peter is likely to be somewhat eccentric and quaint; he has humor. Paul is artistic in some direction or other, and as a rule rather good-looking. Samuel may attain to distinction, especially in commerce, but Sam is rather coarse, and Sammy mostly goes to the bad. Stephen is generally a weak-kneed failure. Reuben is vulgar, but unpretentious.

Much also must depend on whether the actual name or some version of it is used. For instance, William, if he is always called William, is a good man, but a prig; if he is called Willy he is weak; if he is called Bill he is a good fellow, but rather animal than spiritual.

You can always depend on James to take care of himself, but you cannot say so much for Jim. The most virile names are John, George, Thomas and Robert. George is inclined to luxury and self-indulgence; John is more domestic; Jack has more spirit than John; Thomas and Robert are good business names. Robert has a temper, and so has Bob; but Bobby is good-nature itself. Richard is a poet; Dick is natural in manner, and has physical courage. Joseph in any walk of life is a schemer, sometimes with good motives and sometimes with bad; sometimes with success and sometimes without it, but always a schemer.

Henry and Edward are both rather colorless names. Henry may be anything from a criminal to a cabinet minister, but if he is never called Harry he will tend to dullness and solidity. Walter is rarely popular, and is frequently inclined to sharp practice. Frank is popular enough, but wants energy and determination. Charles has amiable qualities, and spends money freely in his youth; in his latter years he is likely to be frigid and parsimonious. Ernest is quiet, well-meaning, and almost always mistaken.

Before leaving the masculine names there are a few others, mostly less common, that may be mentioned. Wherever the Christian name, or name in general use, is also a surname—such as Graham, Trevor, Scott—the man has very marked ability in one particular direction, but is extremely likely to be a charlatan.

Reginald and Harold belong to the very nerdy class. They get very near to success in almost any kind of work. More things have been missed—only just missed—by Reginalds and Harolds than by any six of the other names. Where a Reginald or Harold is popularly supposed to have succeeded it will nearly always be found that he has not realized his ambition. Reginald and Harold are rarely well suited to a commercial career. They are a little selfish, but never actively cruel. Archibald is neat and precise. Names ending in "id" are inclined to be unlucky.

Eustace is intensely interested in himself, but may be rather brilliant. All Lionels are—or have been—extravagant. Horace is a selfish prig. Bernard is serious, and has strong convictions. Oliver has push, and gets on in the world. Cecil is self-satisfied and opinionated. Hugh is conceited and talks too much. Augustus is slightly ridiculous. Geoffrey is the best of fellows, but will never make money. You will be almost certain to find romantic episodes in the life of any Ronald or any Rupert.

The differences in character in women are perhaps fewer in number, and certainly are less strongly marked. It may be, too, that they are less under the influence of their names than men are. Many of their names are quite colorless, but I will give a few that have a color. Catherine and Elizabeth, if they are so called, are practical, organizing women. They get power, and use it well.

Kitty and Bessie, on the other hand, are more feminine and less suited to public careers; of these two Kitty is almost invariably the cleverer. Fanny and Polly are not necessarily ill-natured, but they are scandal-mongers. Florence is generally discontented, and so is Florry; Flossie is, as a rule, quite contented and irritatingly silly.

Alice is the female of Arthur. Her character is generally feeble; she is meek on the surface, but there is a strong substratum of spitefulness. Agnes is inclined to have all the virtues, but no sense of humor. Gertrude and Margaret have a marked capacity for self-sacrifice and devotion; they are good names for sick-nurses. The capacity is less marked in Gertrude and Maggie, and they are generally more commonplace.

Ann has a strong will and a disregard for niceties and the fine shades; Annie, on the contrary, is generally under the domination of some stronger character. Edith has courage and self-control, and makes a good mother. Louisa is spirited. Barbara is unconventional. Ada, I am afraid, is a fool; she may possibly distinguish herself in an artistic career, but she will show great foolishness in other respects. Ethel is a rather limited person, and in early life is generally a "cool cheek," but Jenny is less self-confident.

Phyllis is lazy; Dora has personal charm; Georgina is a good sportswoman. Maud is fond of society, but is not unduly frivolous; she has ambitions. One seldom sees a Maud who is fair or a Nancy who is dark; or a Muriel who is short or a Lucy who is tall. Lucy is a name associated with money. If she has it she keeps it; if she has it not she either marries it or makes it. Ruby is clumsy and tactless. Pearl is generally a rather ornamental and highly-finished woman.

Eleanor is a mass of splendid principles and very difficult to live with. Christine and Cecily are gentle and rather pathetic. Mildred and Millicent, if they are not called Millie, are proud and reserved; Millie is in all respects more ordinary.

If you wish your child to be beautiful call her Sylvia or Beatrice. It is seldom that anyone who bears either of these names is quite unattractive; grace and beauty are their characteristics. Sophie is generally delicate, and Joan is generally robust. Lastly, it would almost seem as if the number of convolutions in a woman's brain depended in some mysterious way on the number of syllables in her name. It is certain that women with long names generally have remarkable abilities. Arabella and Veronica, for instance, are never quite ordinary women. One does not notice this effect of long names in men.

The reader who tests these observations will not find them invariably accurate. He may know of a Hugh who is not conceited or a Florence who is not discontented; any of the descriptions given may not fit in with his experience.

This is only to be expected, for the name, after all, is only one factor in the formation of character, and also a character of a forcible and independent kind may resist the name influence—the repeated weak suggestions that in most cases affect the unconscious mind. But a reader who will test the instances given over a wide circle of acquaintances will be certain to find that they are far more often right than wrong.

It is noticeable that the name-suggestion affects the character through the unconscious mind alone. A child who is called Napoleon never becomes a great general, because in such a case the suggestion appeals to the conscious mind, and is consequently resisted and rejected. But a child who is called Arthur is unconscious of any suggestion of weakness, and does not resist it; the suggestion is repeated every time the name is used, and the character is consequently modified.

No Use Eating

Unless you Digest your Food—Winthrop Man proves that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest it.

It is necessary to eat to live, but it is yet more necessary that the food should be properly digested. If the food is not properly digested the different organs and muscles do not receive the sustenance they require and they become starved and weak. This is the experience of Mr. H. Bailey, 256 Patrick street, Winnipeg. In a statement to the public he says:

"Although my appetite seemed good, I never seemed to gain much strength or weight till I started using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Then I think my food was properly digested and turned to flesh and strength. I gained eight pounds in weight and received so much benefit otherwise that I can heartily recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

The moral is that you must digest your food as well as eat it. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest it.

The Friends.

Do you recall that April day we went forth the little town into the country breathing its content From wood and stream and down?

We found that day Beneath the budding honeysuckle's spray The wren's song and nest; We saw the rooks winging their tollsome way.

From forth the ruddy west; And spied beside the rill With drooping head the virgin daffodil. Then, much against our will, We turned to part. And now that thou art gone, and in my heart

Only the memories stay Of that thrice happy day. Yet is my soul with throbbing joy aglow. Because so well I know What a true friend thou art; And glad indeed I am it should be so. But yet a sickening fear Will frequent reappear.

Suppose that in the future I should hurt Or Judas-like desert These who art now so dear? Bird, bee and passing shower All serve their end; And by some subtle power Does a good work for God; Yet what of me if I neglect my friend?

—F. J. Coventry Patmore.

Takes Issue with the President.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE, Boston's veteran lecturer, took issue the other day in a lecture before the Mothers' and Fathers' Club in that city with President Roosevelt on the subject of large families. What is needed, she asserted, is "child culture." It would not be race suicide if we were to have homes into which only two or three children were born. Quality and character signify more than a horde.

Mrs. Livermore took the stand that Americans need to give more attention to the culture of fathers and mothers than to that of the child. "There are men and women who are unfit to be the parents of children," she said; "in many cases it is better to take children away from their natural parents, so that they may have a chance to do better." A writer in "Vogue," who also considers the President's "race-suicide" opinions harmful to the community, says: "So carried away by the President's exceedingly flippant views have been reception committees and individual parents, that the many children have been made a conspicuous feature of the programmes arranged for the Presidential tour. It was left, however, for a New York journal to go to the extreme of showing the President's theories in the fullest possible manifestation, and to this end it insulted its readers by parading the portraits of Mormons, some of whom having espoused as many as six wives, are now the fathers each of thirty-nine immediate descendants. The views of one of these men are given extensive space, and in order to still further honor him, his portrait is published along with those of other Mormons. Naturally, the President's views are heartily seconded by the Mormons, they as well as he having, apparently, not the slightest conception of any higher view of the function of the human being, especially of women, than to be a connecting link between generations. If adults are so foolish as to burden themselves with children beyond their ability properly to bear and care for them after birth, small sympathy need be wasted upon them. Their unwise course will, in most instances, bring its own bitter punishment, which it is to be hoped will be properly disciplinary. But it is for the children that one pleads."

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Seventh Son.—Thanks for the horoscope and your pleasant letter. I've got a better one (horoscope), but yours is mainly correct, and you've done it very well indeed. I know enough to approve of it. I am so glad you found your delineation so exact. Au revoir.

N.Y.—As you give me your private address I suppose you had the expectation of receiving a delineation of the two sides of the post, but I cannot so favor you. Or was it merely as an evidence of good faith? You ask if you and the study you enclose are in any sense affinitive. The answer is the writing of a man of good business capacity and of genial and pleasant manner. He is a materialist, but not a gross one—not always reticent and cautious in his words or judgments. There is a good deal of affection, domesticity and kindness latent, which would lead one to consider him a probable success as a husband. He has tact, adaptability and sympathy, persistence, and could be quite obstinate if not carefully handled. The nature is receptive, apt to be excited, and largely dependent on sympathy for happiness and development. A man whose mistakes would be rather of the head than the heart. At times likely to be indolent and easily led. Your enclosed is a good deal of inspiration, clear-headedness and general ability. You are cautious and sometimes mistrustful. Your impulse is strong, but you may not endure. You are inclined to pessimism, but have ambitions and determination. Both your birth-months are under the element of air. The enclosed is an Aquarius child, with plenty of ability, but not sufficient inspiration. You are a Gemini, always halting between two courses. You might as well marry him, for you'll not be better suited. If you met your perfect affinity, you'd very likely let him go before you decide you want him. The two minds of Gemini (Castor and Pollux) play mean tricks on the June baby in that way. I have somewhat departed from my rule in order to help you to make up your "minds" and be settled. You are too clever a girl to lose your good young days in doubt.

Mac.—I am a rather self-conscious and ambitious nature, outspoken, impulsive and impatient of control. You think a great deal of appearances, and are a trifle pessimistic. It is a hand full of vitality and with a gift of clear and concise expression. I don't think writer would attract a large following, but would hold any whom he did attract. It is a business rather than an artistic style of make-up.

Careless.—There's nothing much in your writing stronger than an extreme self-consciousness and a decided originality of conception and a decidedly nice taste. You talk more than you listen, are generally philosophical and self-confident. You are a consecutive or logical thinker, and your will is very strong stronger than your judgment. You are full of conscious, ambitions which you will some day realize, and an inevitably sane judgment which belies your youth. If you could hold the whole sisterhood seems after a nurse's cap just now. Well, what can I say to you? You say you want some honorable means of support and that is a nurse's career. Would I advise it? I certainly would. You Scorpio people have a sort of genius for nursing sometimes. Our best surgeons are Scorpio men. Go ahead, old sea serpent, and nurse till you are in a position to select a suitable young doctor, then gently coax him and inform him he may buy the wedding ring.

Is English Literature Dying? Mr. W. M. Lightbody has risen up in the pages of the "Westminster Review" to ask if English literature is not dying, and he has some pointed things to say about the influences that are wounding, if not killing, it. We may agree with him in the sad conclusion that English literature is not what it once was. Great names are few, and they are decreasing in number. The new figures of promise that arise have an appalling way of failing to fulfil their promise. The clever man or woman who writes one or two creditable books and then subsides into complacent mediocrity is as common as

Nil Desperandum.—In order that you may not confuse your study with another of the same name, I will state that you are a Scorpio baby, born between 25th, and showing still some touch of Libra's light airiness in addition to the power and vim of the great serpent. No month is lucky or unlucky in itself, though some signs are harder to overcome than others. All the more are they valuable as a study, being duly disciplined. There is a good deal of imagination and pretty taste in your pulse are shown. The trend is towards being ruled by any number of vanity. It is not your weakness. You are discreet and careful in speech and probably conventional in manner and taste. Matele (Brantford).—I hope that is your correct nom de plume. It is so blessed I am not quite sure of it. The 17th of April brings you under the full influence of Aries, a sign of great value. It governs some of the loveliest characters on earth and such as develop with the greatest strength and ability. They are also capable of the most vicious and mischievous traits if ruled by arrogance and passion. If the circumstances under which you wrote were so infinitely trying, I don't think it fair to yourself that I should take your writing seriously. It has great force, bright perception, frankness and a good deal of temperament. Writer might easily be a clever specialist, but may instead be simply undeveloped, hampered and strenuous piece of crude force. There is no hint of self-control, logical sequence of thought or sweetness in this writing, which would confound a graphologist if written under perfectly normal conditions. It is a blending of direct passion, involuntary or involuntary perversity, all of which may be due to physical disability or mental perversity. The former is doubtful from the force of some lines. On the whole the interest surpasses the many contradictions.

Josephine.—Three lines and a half does not suffice for a study, but any event your writing is scarcely even in the second stage of development—quite too crude for delineation.

Pritz.—This is a pleasant tempered, sympathetic, capable and vital study, facile and expansive in expression, adaptable, impulsive and somewhat optimistic—the sort to succeed and make friends—content with moderate gain and, though given to speculative thought and somewhat impractical in method; thinking clearly and sensibly and never lightly turning from his purpose. A trifle more reticence would be an added strength to a rather attractive ensemble.

Theresa Ruth.—Music, housekeeping, nursing? Well, it's a queer sequence, and you want to be a nurse and are an August baby? If you are only "compara-



"Say, Mister Officer, if this young lady is engaged to two fellers at once, can't she be arrested for bigamy?"—"Life."

tively strong." I cannot advise you to take up a nurse's profession. You need superlative strength, so the probationers tell me for the training. Judging from your writing, which shows admirable self-reliance, bright mentality, dominant will, energy, care for detail and generous mind, you might pull through. If an intimate friend receives every week and you call upon her weekly it would be the height of absurdity to strew her path with visiting cards. Intimate friends who have time and inclination to make weekly calls don't bother one another with visiting cards. It's almost as tiresome to be over-lavish with one's pasteboards as to call infrequently and forget them altogether. Cards should be left for both or neither; I should say the latter.

Supprie.—I have not my letters at hand and don't know if your first went into the W. P. B. or not, but don't remember it, so it may be still unopened. Murray—The whole of your writing shows hope, caution, concentration, light but firm purpose, a good deal of energy and a generally good sequence of ideas. You have ambitions, but they do not rule your life, and while you do not easily relinquish an idea, you are not always constant in pursuit of it.

Bobs.—I am distressed that you were "not exactly satisfied" with your delineation, which was probably quite as much as your writing justified. I find it very ordinary, though there is the dominant line which means power and the love of it. So you'd rather have a bad character than none at all? Heavens, naughty girl! You're a decent sort as you are, but to acquire me to find distinction in lines which have none is an impulse of foolishness. The "silly books" tell me April's birthstone is the diamond. May as well take diamonds if you can get them! If everyone you know tells you that you are at twenty too young to be a nurse, don't you grasp the significance of the utterance? With your writing to help me I'm sure I do. I am tempted to tell you just to try the probation and see your finish.

Mac.—Next! The whole sisterhood seems after a nurse's cap just now. Well, what can I say to you? You say you want some honorable means of support and that is a nurse's career. Would I advise it? I certainly would. You Scorpio people have a sort of genius for nursing sometimes. Our best surgeons are Scorpio men. Go ahead, old sea serpent, and nurse till you are in a position to select a suitable young doctor, then gently coax him and inform him he may buy the wedding ring.

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Its glorious to feel right in the m'orning—ready for work. But how seldom one does. Sick headache, lack of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth—these are the usual morning feelings of most people—even of careful lives. This morning illness shows that the organs of digestion are not working properly. They need a tonic. Take a teaspoonful of

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blackberries in July. It is also true, as Mr. Lightbody declares, that in the ranks of criticism there are far too many writers whose judgments are not simply too good-natured, but at their best are of little account. There is something, also, to be said about the insidious entrance of the democratic idea, in its crudest form, into the domain of letters. Among readers and among writers one perceives too often the effect of the dictum that "one man is as good as another." In literature this idea is as pernicious as it is absurd. But, when all is said, we believe that it is a mistake to talk in this tragic vein about English literature. Good books continue to be written and published. Many of the critics who treat them know their business, and there are thousands of readers who give the friendliest and most appreciative reception to these publications.

"Markley tells me he follows the races." "That's the gospel truth. He never gets ahead of them."—Philadelphia "Ledger."

The Kid—Papa, what did Lot do when his wife was turned into salt? Pa—He started looking for a fresh one, I've no doubt.

"For some time past," said Mr. Pompus Nuritch, who had engaged passage for Europe, "I've been contemplating a visit to the scenes associated with the lives of my ancestors." "That so?" replied Pepprey; "going slumming, eh?"—Philadelphia "Press."



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It is a great disappointment to hear, on the authority of the London "Musical Times," that the story recently printed in United States and Canadian papers as to the find of the completed score of Schubert's "Unfinished" symphony is a huge April Fool's joke. The fragments handed down to us of the symphony are so lovely that it stirred one's imagination to think that the remainder of the work had been discovered. The "Musical Times" says: "A number of London and provincial papers recently gave publicity to the astounding news that a pupil at the Gratz School of Music had discovered a complete and full score of Schubert's 'Unfinished' symphony. Touching details were given of the sensational find; how the aforesaid youth had helped an old woman who had from sheer exhaustion fallen down in the street; how he had tended and good-naturedly led her to her humble home. After this stirring exposition in Act I. of the drama, came the marvelous development and the terrific climax: the aged, trembling dame showed her young friend, the good Samaritan, a bundle of old music paper, which she said she had found in the house of a capelmeister in whose service she had been. After his death, we read, nobody had bothered about these manuscripts, wherefore she had annexed them; and when the lucky youth turned them over, he came across a volume yellow with age, and gnawed by mice, on the first sheet of which was written, 'Franz to his Anselmo.' The music proved to be that of the 'Unfinished' symphony by Franz Schubert! In feverish excitement the youth turned over the leaves of the precious tome, and lo! and behold! there met his enraptured gaze the scherzo and finale of the most marvelous tone amongst musical masterpieces—in other words, the long-lost 'finish' of the heavenly 'Unfinished' symphony. A pretty tale, and one that must have thrilled everybody who read—and believed it. It was offered to us for publication, together with other sensational news of a different kind. We were suspicious, and in endeavoring to trace the story to its 'fons et origo' we soon found that the Paris 'Menestrel,' which was named as its source, had been beautifully taken in by the Leipzig 'Signal.' The story appeared there plausibly enough, with full details. Then we scrutinized the paper more closely, and noticed the date of publication: April 1! A clue, indeed; whereupon we dove deeper into the mysterious depths of this remarkable publication. The result? Ridiculous tales of preposterous, vainglorious speeches said to have been delivered by Richard Strauss; nonsensical, impossible titles of two new symphonic poems by the same great musician; details of pieces of music with the most absurd 'programmes'; reviews of silly hypothetical books, e.g., 'Richard Wagner and Animals'; two volumes, each of 600 pp.; vol. I, 'Mammals and Birds'; vol. II, 'Reptiles and Fishes.' And what shall be said of the advertisements? All were in keeping with the nature of the news and criticisms. This was enough, and we turned once more to the title-page, where we found the following notice:

"Every year one of these numbers appears, and each time on April 1, to show our esteemed readers the lighter side of the musical world."

"This explained all. We had before us an 'April Fool's' number of a satirical enough paper under normal conditions. The whole of the contents consisted of a budget of nonsense. This had been taken quite seriously by a number of foreign and English papers, which were caught napping by the wonderful ways of the German press when dealing, on April 1, with the lighter side of the musical world."

Pupils of Mr. W. E. Barclay, Mus. Bac., gave a very satisfactory piano recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The programme, which was exceedingly interesting, contained several novelties, among which may be mentioned "Minuet à l'Antique," Schobert; the Handel-Strauss Gavotte in B flat; Grieg's "French Serenade," and Balakarew's transcription of Glinka's "The Lark." All these numbers were rendered with brilliancy of technique and most promising musicianly judgment. Other works heard during the evening were the Beethoven Sonata, op. 55 (first movement), Chopin's Berceuse and Tarantelle, Marche Funèbre, and Improvisation, op. 36, and the Moszkowski "A major waltz" which were also played with individual distinction of style, fine tone quality, and appreciative feeling. The pupils who appeared were the Misses Edna Staines, Minnie Collins, Olive Lee, Olive Rennie, Edna McKee, Zara Sharpe, M. N. Jarrett, Blanche O'Connor, Mabel Murby, Lola Hamilton and Allie Dixon, and Messrs. William Stewart and E. A. Pickering.

The Mendelssohn Choir have decided to include Sir Hubert Parry's "Best Pair of Sirens" for eight part chorus and orchestra in the programme for their concert in February. The work was first produced by the Bach Choir of London, Eng., and is considered one of the most felicitous efforts of the composer. It was performed with great success at the Jubilee Music Festival at Duisburg, Germany, on the 23rd and 24th ult.

Mr. Cyril Ham, son of Dr. Ham, the organist and choirmaster of St. James' Cathedral, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St. Mary Magdalene Church, Toronto.

Smetana's famous and successful opera comic, "The Bartered Bride," is to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season. Smetana's works have been unaccountably neglected on this side of the Atlantic. In Toronto our acquaintance with his music has been confined to his string quartette, "Out of My Life," introduced by the Yunc Quartette of Detroit, the trio for piano, violin and cello, played by the Schumann Trio, and one of his symphonic poems for orchestra, introduced by the Thomas Orchestra.

The proposal made by Angelo Neumann, that one feature of the Wagner Festival in Berlin next October should

be an open-air performance of the folk-festival scene in "Die Meistersinger," might have been adopted had it not been for the fact that in order to make space for such a production it would have been necessary to cut down a number of park trees near the new Wagner monument, which, of course, could not be allowed.

An up-to-date adaptation of one of Haydn's musical jokes has been made by Herr Fahrbach. It represents a musician's strike during the performance of a piece; one player after another leaves, till finally the concertmaster alone remains. The reverse of this process actually happened not long ago at a rehearsal for a court ball in the royal palace in Berlin. When the time arrived the music stand was empty, and it was found that the wrong date had been given to the musicians. The leader was promptly telephoned for and informed of the situation. He sent messengers in all directions for his men, hastened to the palace, and began to play a dance piece all alone on his violin; presently his players began to arrive in cabs, and one after the other joined him, until the band was complete.

Mme. Patti has arranged to leave England about the middle of October for New York, where she will give her first concert on November 2. Her tour in the United States and Canada will occupy six months.

The New York "Evening Post" rather humorously disposes of the objections made in certain quarters to Mme. Nordica and Edouard de Reszke singing in the Madison Square Garden. It says: "Some dignified folks seem to have suffered diabolical tortures at the thought of such eminent singers as Nordica and Edouard de Reszke appearing at Duss's 'Venice in New York' in the Madison Square Garden. It was, indeed, an unpardonable offence. Such vociferous should never appear except at the Metropolitan Opera House, where a seat costs \$5. To give people who cannot afford to pay more than 50 cents a chance to hear them is an offence against all the laws of good taste and morality, and ought to be prevented by the police force. It so happens that there is at present a 'Venice in Vienna,' and that the greatest of American violinists, Maud Powell, played there a few weeks ago with Sousa and his band. To be sure, two wrongs do not make one right, and Miss Powell ought to be ashamed of herself, all the more as she probably does not, like Mme. Nordica, get \$1,750 for every performance. As for this same Mme. Nordica, one has to go back to Jenny Lind and her manager, Barnum (1848), to find anything quite as shameless as her singing for an audience of 13,000 persons. The fact that Jenny Lind took home with her \$100,000 of American money does not mitigate her offence. Most artists would indignantly refuse an offer of even \$5,000 a night to sing at the Madison Square Garden. Patti, to be sure, didn't refuse that sum, but she is another offender against artistic etiquette."

Music has been used for some time in lunatic asylums and elsewhere as a remedy for certain nervous diseases, but not until recently was a new name given to this novel method of healing. It is now known as "musicotherapy," and several English physicians are experimenting with it. Two remarkable illustrations of the influence of music are recorded by one of them. A man was struck down a few weeks ago in a street by an epileptic attack. There were no physicians at hand, and his frantic paroxysms continued until a military band happened to pass. As soon as he heard the music he sat up and in a minute later he was on his feet and free from pain.

Mr. C. Collier Stevenson has been recently appointed organist of Dovercourt Road Baptist Church.

The closing concert of the Toronto College of Music will be given in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, June 23. Piano concertos and operatic excerpts, accompanied by full orchestra, will form the programme. Graduates and post-graduates will take part in the programme.

A recital will be given in the theater of the Normal School by pupils in education of Miss Bessie Violet and a vocal pupil of Mrs. Alfred Jury on Thursday, June 25. Invitations may be had on applying at the Bell piano warehouses, 146 Yonge street.

A most interesting and enjoyable piano recital was given last Thursday evening in Parkdale by the junior and intermediate pupils of Miss Mabel S. Hicks. The most noticeable features of their playing were good touch and fine technique. All the numbers were played entirely from memory. Special mention may be made of Misses Florence Davies, Isabel Laidlaw and Ruby Connolly, whose numbers were particularly well played. Those taking part were Misses Sadie Toms, Eleanor Davies, Ruby Connolly, Isabel Laidlaw, Florence Davies and Bertha Forlong. Assistance was given by Miss Ruth Corvett and Miss Helene Carter, two talented violin pupils of Mr. Frank Smith, and Miss Maud A. Hicks, cornettist, whose numbers added greatly to the enjoyment of the programme.

An interesting essay, or even book, could be written on composers in search of a good libretto. Many have sought, but few have found. Weber was fortunate with the text of "Der Freischütz"; Cherubini with "The Water Carrier"; Gounod with "Faust," and Bizet with "Carmen," but the list of failures is far in excess of that of good fortunes.

Among the composers who never got exactly what they wanted may be counted Mendelssohn. We know from Devrient's "Recollections" how fastidious he (Mendelssohn) was in the matter of a subject, even at the outset of his short career; while of "Loreley," which he left unfinished, we read that "the libretto was far from satisfying him." Two hitherto unpublished letters of his concerning the subject of opera have just been brought to light by Dr. Fritz Volbach. They were addressed to Schott at Mayence; the one is dated December 28, 1841, the other January 6, 1842. Schott had evidently somnolent Mendelssohn as to an opera for the Paris Academie Royale. The composer feels that he is not the man for such a task, yet if Schott will use his influence with Scribe to prepare a book, he (Mendelssohn) will undertake to write the music—yet not until he has seen the book. Later on, as we know, Scribe's libretto of "The Tempest" was sent to him

but he was dissatisfied with it, and music to "The Tempest" was never written by Mendelssohn.—London "Musical Times."

"There will be," London "Truth" says, "some important changes in the personnel of the Royal Academy of Music after the present term. M. Sauret relinquished his post of principal professor of the violin some little time ago, and Mr. Walter Macfarren, who is seventy-five, intends to give up his class in July, and to devote himself thenceforward to private teaching. Mr. Walter Macfarren was educated at the Academy, where he has been a professor of the piano for fifty-seven years. Dr. Steggall, who is seventy-seven, and to whom innumerable organists owe their first instruction in the art, has recently resigned, after being connected with the institution for no less than fifty-six years. It was as an indoor student in June, 1847, that he first came to Tenterden street. Mr. Arthur O'Leary, who is sixty-nine, has also resigned his professorship of the piano at the Royal Academy, which he has held for nearly half a century. It will be observed that all these gentlemen are well advanced in years, although their art most simultaneous resignation would appear to be of some significance. Let us hope that the plan of filling up the vacancies by the appointment of foreigners will not be followed. If Tenterden street has not trained Englishmen competent to teach, it has left its mission unfulfilled."

"Gravenhurst," writes a correspondent, "enjoyed an unusual musical treat last week in the visit of the Jessie MacLachlan Concert Company. The Scotch element in the audience was enthusiastic in its reception of the Canadian queen of Scottish song, and those who have not the same reasons for loving the music of Auld Scotia showed an equal sense of appreciation. Miss MacLachlan made a special hit in her rendition of two pretty character songs, one in the Gaelic and the other an Irish number, 'Barney O'Hea.' Miss Alice Dean, the young violinist, who is a member of the company, played with a skill that claims her one of the coming musicians of Toronto. Though not yet twenty years of age, Miss Dean has had a series of successes at the concerts given in a long tour through the West, from which the company is just returning. A musical temperament is Miss Dean's natural endowment, and this, combined with a high degree of technical training, places her in a foremost rank among young Canadian musicians."

Mr. W. Y. Archibald sails to-day from Boston on the steamer "Cambrian" for Genoa.

Grimsby Park will again have Mr. Chrystal Brown for musical director during the month of July. Mr. Brown is completing arrangements for a very successful month of music, having already engaged several well-known concert artists. He will also be assisted by a large choral club.

Mr. William H. Sherwood, director of the Sherwood Music School, Chicago, and solo pianist, gave his annual recital here on Tuesday evening in the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Sherwood's recitals have always been instructive, interesting and suggestive, and Tuesday's event was no exception to the rule, the programme being well arranged and containing several novelties by United States composers, in addition to well-known standard compositions. Mr. Sherwood's most serious effort was with Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, which he treated in a refreshingly unconventional manner and quite in a romantic spirit. The last movement he took at a much slower pace than usual, and maintained it throughout pianissimo. Before playing the Sonata Mr. Sherwood gave a brief sketch of the piece which it has been suggested the composer had in mind when writing the work. Other notable numbers in which Mr. Sherwood revealed all his great powers of virtuosity and musicianly interpretation were the Brahms Rhapsody, op. 78, No. 2, a striking composition, certainly free from the reproach of eccentricity or dryness so often levelled at Brahms' music; Raff's delightful sketch, "Fair Tale," which was played in a dainty and finely rhythmic manner; and Raff's March in D, op. 91, No. 4, a brilliantly elaborated number, in spite of its somewhat conventional tone, and Grieg's "Wedding Anniversary." The specimens of United States music offered were by Edgar S. Kelly, Arthur Foote, C. P. Lawrence, Ernest Kroeger and Rossiter Cole. Cole's Noctelle, No. 1, and Kroeger's "Schnecht," created a marked impression and were received with warm applause. Liszt's "Venetia a Napoli" and "Waldesrauschen," Schumann's Romance in F sharp, the Schubert-Liszt "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" and Bach's Prelude in B flat minor, all of which were rendered in an illuminating manner, completed the programme.

A Domestic Snapshot.

He saw her twisting round and round
And almost inside out,
She panted hard and then grew red
And seemed about to shout.
He gently calmed her down and said,
"Is all that vigor wise,
Or are you showing us your last
Gymnastic exercise?"
The scorn with which she looked at him
Would almost pass belief,
For all the time she merely sought
Her pocket-handkerchief. —T.H.

Fate, Chance or What?

As we jog along life's pathway we know next to nothing of what is almost within our reach on each side of us, and yet by merely pushing aside the thicket of ignorance bordering our road we would undoubtedly discover no end of delightful possibilities. Sometimes, however, fate or chance or Providence, whatever we may call it, suddenly brings us to an opening, and we find that we have all along been in close companionship with some congenial spirit whose existence even we have never suspected.
"The way I met my wife is a curious exemplification of this," said a man who had been remarking how little one knows beyond his immediate range of vision. "I was taking a walking tour through the Tyrol with a couple of other fellows, and intended on that eventful day to make a certain village before nightfall. And now please note coincidence No. 1.

A violent storm came up and we were obliged to go out of our way to take refuge in a little wayside inn. There we found that another party, consisting of a man and his wife and the latter's niece, who were driving through that picturesque region, had also sought a night's lodging and had taken possession of all the available rooms. They were most kind, however, the women insisting upon giving up one of their rooms, and we all became very friendly, foraging in the larder for our supper and cooking it with our landlady in her little kitchen. As I was supposed to be the culinary genius of our party, and the niece had attended a cooking class in New York, we were installed as a committee on the commissariat, and we became necessarily very 'chummy,' especially as the rain continued the next day, and we all voted to remain where we were until the roads got into condition. Well, to make a long story short, the niece, as you probably have surmised, is at present my wife. The oddest part of it all is yet to come, for mutual enquiries soon elicited the fact that we were both from New York; but it was not until some time afterward that we discovered that we lived in the same street, and what was strange, still, actually next door to each other, and had grown up without knowing each other, separated only by a wall of brick and plaster, my boyhood at school and young manhood at college making the circumstance a perfectly natural one, especially as our parents were not acquainted."

Reasons Why.

A correspondence has been taking place in an exchange with regard to the reason why men don't go to church, and, as we know something about it, we beg to offer the following additional reasons:
Because the church won't come to them.
Because the misus goes there.
Because they want to smoke.
Because they are not allowed to show their new hats.
Because they cannot stand a man having all the conversation to himself.
Because they want exercise.
Because they want rest.
Because it reminds them of their wedding-day.

Farmer Hornihand (treading the markets)—Pity th' President didn't hev no more luck when he was a-huntin' down there in Mississipp. Mrs. Hornihand—Why, Silas? Farmer Hornihand—Hain't you been a-readin' how th' bears is playin' smash with th' cotton crop?—Baltimore "American."

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Social and Personal.

Messrs. G. F. McFarland, B.A., and J. Gordon Gibson, B.A., sail on Saturday from Boston for Naples. They will be joined in Rome by Mr. Jack Creelman of Montreal, and the three will make a tour of Europe together.

The great Home-Comers' Festival, promoted by the Board of Trade of Toronto, is close at hand. Since the preliminary announcement was published considerable changes have been made in the programme, which has been considerably elaborated and added to. As it reads now, there are to be: Dominion Day, July 1—Arrival of contingents from Detroit, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other United States cities, hundreds strong, some with bands, some in uniforms, some with singing choruses, and all with banners, badges, and other emblems; amateur regatta, open to all, lacrosse matches, baseball matches, etc., reception at the King Edward Hotel and at various clubs, and open house everywhere. Thursday, July 2—Old boys' parade, with banners and badges, huge garden party on the University lawn; evening, grandest Venetian fete ever held on this continent and brilliant illumination of the bay and harbor, with fireworks and innumerable beacon fires. This fireworks fete is to cost thousands of dollars. Friday, July 3—Magnificent open-air horse show and parade, many receptions and garden parties and entertainments at the Island. Saturday, July 4—Demonstrations in honor of United States visitors, drives around the city, canoe regatta, championship lacrosse match and farewell gatherings. Between forty and fifty thousand dollars will be expended on these various entertainments, fetes and receptions. Reduced rates have been secured on all lines of travel, particulars of which can be had of local station agents.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Covert, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Covert of Port Hope, and Mr. Robert F. Massie, son of Mr. James Massie of Toronto, is arranged to take place at the Church of the Redeemer on Wednesday, June 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Windeyer have taken a cottage at Ward's Island for the summer. During their absence from town Mr. and Mrs. Charles Geale will occupy their residence in Walker avenue.

Mr. John Davison Lawson, dean of the law department of Missouri State University, and Mrs. Lawson have arrived in the city to spend part of their summer vacation with Mr. Lawson's parents at 35-Bernard avenue. Mrs. J. D. Lawson will receive with Mrs. Joseph Lawson next Friday.

Fourteen young gentlemen, many of whom are known to and are great favorites in Toronto social circles, were called to the bar at Osgoode Hall on Friday last by Chief Justice Sir William Ralph Meredith. The gentlemen called were Mr. Robert Stanley Walde, Mr. Richard Vryling Le Sueur, Mr. Ernest Stanley Fraser, Mr. Frank Eric Brown, Mr. Alexander C. Hill, Mr. W. E. Smith, Mr. E. Percy Flintoft, Mr. Richard S. Colter, Mr. H. P. Hill, Mr. Ernest M. Meighen, Mr. D. J. Thom, Mr. Robert D. Hume, Mr. Hugh Alexander Rose and Mr. H. S. Hewitt.

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King's Royal Hotel

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They have the qualities that add to the appearance and wear of any vehicle, and make riding a pleasure.

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Getting Round Papa.

Papa—You young dog, I have a great mind to give you a good thrashing. Son and Heir—No, no, papa. A great mind would never stoop so low. (Thrashing postponed.)—Pick-Me-Up.

"McGoode, where are you going to spend the summer this year?" "Well, we are hesitating between a tour of Europe and a couple of weeks at my wife's uncle's farm, near Naperville—with the

SUMMER RESORTS.

The Penetanguishene

Canada's Summer Hotel

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PARK HOUSE now open. Rates \$1.00 to \$1.25 per day. Special rates for families in June and early part of July.

LAKEVIEW HOTEL, \$2.00 per day, opens July 1st.

Full programme during July and August.

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chances strong in favor of Naperville."

Chicago "Tribune."

Reporter (in vestibule)—Is it true that Mr. Gotrox has just died? Butler (cautiously)—It is; but he has nothing to say for publication—"Puck."

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Every Style and Finish

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Miss Franklin has pleasure in announcing that she has enlarged the shirt waist department and secured the services of another Expert Cutter.

These Shirt Waists are of the highest grade in cut and finish, and fashionable in design.

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On Yacht, in Country Club or Summer Home, music is always apropos and always welcome. If sufficiently good it will take precedent over every other means of entertainment.

The Pianola makes piano music available to every company.

And although it may be played by one who knows nothing of music, the result will be the same as though a brilliant pianist sat at the piano.

The vast collection of pieces of every kind of music prepared for the Pianola insures a programme suitable for all occasions and to every taste.

The Pianola is always appreciated, but in the summer time it is of especial value to hosts and those whose taste for music of the better class can in no other way be gratified.

In every civilized country of the world the Pianola is now recognized as a standard method of playing the piano. Failure to include a pianola with the other means of entertainment provided for a country home means that one of the most agreeable and pleasant features of modern summer life will not be realized.

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The price of the Pianola is \$275.00. May be purchased by monthly payments if desired.

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come prepared to be photographed. Here you will find the finest gallery in Canada. I know how to

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and wish every reader of "Saturday Night" to know the fact. This accounts for my advertising in this paper. I number some of the most discriminating people in Canada among my patrons, and wish more to know me and my work and its quality. **THE BEST WORK IN CANADA.**

James Esson
PRESTON

Social and Personal.

Messrs. G. F. McFarland, B.A., and J. Gordon Gibson, B.A., sail on Saturday from Boston for Naples. They will be joined in Rome by Mr. Jack Creelman of Montreal, and the three will make a tour of Europe together.

The great Home-Comers' Festival, promoted by the Board of Trade of Toronto, is close at hand. Since the preliminary announcement was published considerable changes have been made in the programme, which has been considerably elaborated and added to. As it reads now, there are to be: Dominion Day, July 1—Arrival of contingents from Detroit, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and other United States cities; hundreds strong, some with bands, some in uniforms, some with singing choruses, and all with banners, badges, and other emblems; amateur regatta, open to all, lacrosse matches, baseball matches, etc., reception at the King Edward Hotel and at various clubs, and open house everywhere. Thursday, July 2—Old boys' parade, with banners and badges, huge garden party on the University lawn; evening grandest Venetian fete ever held on this continent and brilliant illumination of the bay and harbor, with fireworks and innumerable beacon fires. This fireworks fete is to cost thousands of dollars. Friday, July 3—Magnificent open-air horse show and parade, many receptions and garden parties and entertainments at the Island. Saturday, July 4—Demonstrations in honor of United States visitors, drives around the city, canoe regatta, championship lacrosse match and farewell gatherings. Between forty and fifty thousand dollars will be expended on these various entertainments, fetes and receptions. Reduced rates have been secured on all lines of travel, particulars of which can be had of local station agents.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Covert, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Covert of Port Hope, and Mr. Robert F. Massie, son of Mr. James Massie of Toronto, is arranged to take place at the Church of the Redeemer on Wednesday, June 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Windeyer have taken a cottage at Ward's Island for the summer. During their absence from town Mr. and Mrs. Charles Geale will occupy their residence in Walker avenue.

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Spectacles and Eyeglasses.

Artistic and technical excellence may be had at Potter's. The most beautiful models in mountings and the most graceful contours in lenses may be had at this old-established house. Attendants and workers are continuously making a study of what is pleasing and appropriate in spectacles and eyeglasses. They have also developed a rare degree of manual skill and a full knowledge of lenses, with their manifold combinations.

Potter's workshop is a veritable technical institute, where high-class and unusual lenses are made up, and the most scrupulous care taken to fulfill the exact instructions of the oculists and meet the precise requirements of those who for various reasons must have particular glasses. Potter's, 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

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Specialists in High Class Dentistry.

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DENTIST

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THERE IS
No Silk So Smooth,
No Silk So Long,
No Silk So Strong as

Corticelli

THE DRESSMAKERS' FAVORITE
SPOOL SILK

"Too Strong To Break"

ASK FOR Corticelli

JUNE WEDDINGS



As wedding gifts for the June Bride there are many articles in fine leathers most suitable, such as Dressing-Bags, Dressing-Cases, Traveling-Bags and Trunks, Jewel-Cases, Wrist-Bags, Pocket-Books and Writing-Folios. For out-of-town buyers our handsome 80-page **Catalogue S** is mailed free. We pay express charges in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other points.

The JULIAN SALE

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Established 50 Years.

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Established 50 Years.

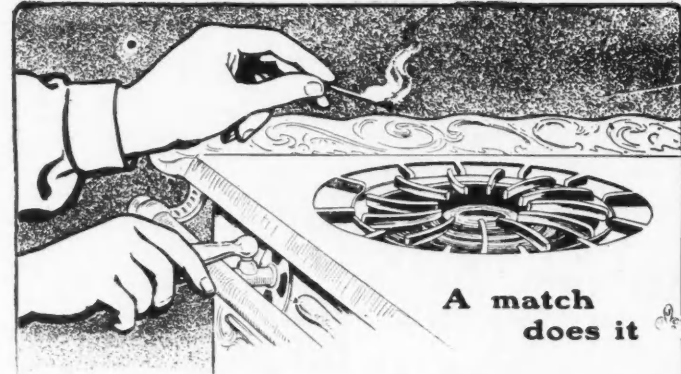
Economy means the using of money to good advantage. It is economy to buy a good piano. One that will last. The

Heintzman & Co. Piano

has, during the last fifty years, built up a reputation for reliability and endurance that is second to none.

With this instrument in your home you may invite the most famous musician to play it and be assured that it is equal to any test. The brilliant tone of this piano has made it famous.

Ye Olde Firme of
HEINTZMAN & CO., Limited
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A match does it

Why should you burn fuel a long time before you start your cooking and keep a hot fire going a long time after you're through? That is what you have to do with a coal range. With the

Oxford Gas Range

a match and a turn of the valve gives you immediate fire for boiling or frying. The same with the oven and broiler—they very quickly gain the proper heat.

The Oxford Gas Range is ready for your cooking when you're ready and the fire is out the instant you're through.

Write for our leaflet or call at one of our agencies.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada

Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

Social and Personal.

Dr. Bruce Sauter of Cripple Creek, Col., is visiting his home in Winchester street.

A friend in London, Eng., writes: "A large circle of personal friends in social and literary London have been thrown into mourning by the sudden death of Mrs. Squire Sprigge, which took place at her London house on Saturday, May 20. Mrs. Squire Sprigge, whose maiden name was Mary Ada Beatrice Moss, was the second daughter of Chief Justice and Mrs. Charles Moss, and was married in 1895, at eighteen years of age, to Mr. Squire Sprigge of Kensington and Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire, chief of the editorial staff of the well-known medical paper, the "Lancet," and a novelist of considerable popularity. During her short married life she endeared herself by her sweetness of disposition, beauty and tact as a hostess to an exceptionally large number of friends, who are deploring her untimely death a few days after her twenty-sixth birthday."

Mrs. Albert Austin, wife of the president of the Lambton Golf Club, composed and published a very taking waltz, "Outing," for the opening of the club last Saturday, when the orchestra played it very prettily. Mrs. Austin's fine musical talent and culture are sufficient guarantee that the waltz is well worth consideration.

On Thursday, June 11, a very pretty wedding took place in St. George's Church, when Miss Gertrude Quigley, third daughter of the late R. J. Quigley, was quietly married to Mr. Harry Hughes of Toronto, the Rev. Marquand officiating. During the ceremony bridal music was played. The bride wore her traveling gown, a dark gray cheviot, with white broadcloth facings, white silk blouse, and hat of pale

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MR. THOMAS ROULSTON

Pupil of AURIEL BATONYI, New York

will give instruction to ladies or gentlemen in correct form in driving and management and control of horses in harness.

For terms and all information apply to—

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Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Sts.,
TORONTO.

gray. She carried a sheaf of white roses. The bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Ada Quigley, and Miss Clara Cable, who were in pretty tucked organdies, inserted with lace, white chiffon hats with long white plumes, and carried pink roses. Mr. Hudson was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes left the church for the train, as owing to mourning in the bride's family there was no reception.

The John Street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, was well filled on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Grace Ponton, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Ponton, was married to Mr. Henry Ransford, teller in the Dominion Bank at Orillia. The

bride was given away by her cousin, Colonel W. N. Ponton, and the Rev. A. H. Drumm, the pastor of the church, officiated. Miss Nina Kinghorn of Rochester, N.Y., was the bridesmaid, and Miss Julia Ponton, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor. Mr. James D. Ponton of Toronto was the groomsmen. After a wedding breakfast at the residence of the bride's mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ransford left on a wedding trip to the East.

The Miniature Electric Fan.

The latest thing in electric fans for house use is the miniature fan, which is attached to the chandelier by a cord and hangs in the place of one of the lamps. One of these fans hung over the dining-table makes just a sufficient current of air to be comfortable.

They may be seen in operation at the showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company, No. 12 Adelaide street east, where they are for sale at very reasonable prices.

Annual Statement Ontario Bank.

The statement presented by the directors of the Ontario Bank showed that the net profits for the year ending May 31, 1903, were \$174,127.47, out of which two half-yearly dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum were paid, and \$75,000 added to rest account, which now stands at \$500,000.

During the year branches have been established at Collingwood, Trenton and Watford, and also one at the corner of Yonge and Carlton streets, Toronto.

A satisfactory business has been done during the year.

Bank of Hamilton.

The thirty-first annual report of Hamilton's favorite monetary concern, the Bank of Hamilton, appears in another column. The past year of the business of the bank has been a record-breaker, the net profits amounting to \$335,389.20, or 10.8 per cent. of the capital of the bank.

The directorship left vacant by the death of the late Hon. A. T. Wood has been filled by the appointment of Major John S. Hendrie, and the vacant presidency is now filled by Hon. William Gibson, Dominion Senator. We are glad to know that the excellent and successful work of the manager, Mr. Turnbull, has been appreciated by the directorate, and that gentleman is now vice-president of the bank.

A perusal of the statement will result in much interesting financial knowledge being obtained. It is a most creditable showing.

Geo. S. McConkey's RESTAURANT

RAIL RECEPTION AND ASSEMBLY ROOMS
Afternoon Tea...

ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS

LOOK BEFORE YOU SLEEP!
When you go to any hotel examine your mattress. If it is a "Marshall Sanitary" you need look no further. Your comfort is secure. If it is not, KICK!
Up-to-date hotels use no other.
Nothing approaches them for restfulness, resiliency and comfort.
Our mattresses and pillows are always cool in summer.

THE MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS CO., 259 King Street West, Toronto.
Phone—Main 4533. Write for booklet.
Factories—Toronto, Chicago and London, England.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

N. S. & T. Navigation Co.

Sts. LAKESIDE and GARDEN CITY

Leave Yonge Street Wharf

8 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5 p.m.

ST. CATHARINES

NIAGARA FALLS

BUFFALO

Family Book Tickets, \$5.00.

H. G. LUKE, Toronto Manager.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

Sts. CHICORA, CHIPPEWA, CORONA

FIVE TRIPS DAILY

(EXCEPT SUNDAY)

On and after June 15 will leave Yonge Street Wharf (foot side) at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4:45 p.m., for
Niagara, Lewiston and Queenston connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., International Ry. (Can. Div.) and Niagara Gorge Railway.

Book Tickets now on sale only at General Office 54 King Street East.

B. W. FOLGER, Manager.

Toronto-Montreal Line

June 1, STEAMER TORONTO leaves Toronto

4 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; on and

after June 13 daily, except Sundays, for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Thousand Islands, running the Rapids to Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

B. W. FOLGER, Manager.

Saturday to Monday Excursion

Commences Saturday, June 6, for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, Clayton, N.Y., Thousand Islands, Brockville and Prescott, and every Saturday thereafter during season.

Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal Line.

Steamers leave Toronto 7:30 p.m., Mondays and

Thursdays till June 6; on and after June 7 Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and intermediate ports. Low rates on this line.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,

Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

THE ONTARIO BANK

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Ontario Bank was held at the Banking House, Toronto, on Tuesday, June 16th, 1903.

Among those present were: G. R. R. Cockburn, Donald Mackay, John Flett, Henry Lowndes, R. Grass, Arthur Harvey, F. B. Polson, A. P. Choate, Hon. R. Harcourt, Cephas Goode, R. D. Perry, A. S. Irving, R. Mulholland, F. M. Purdy, W. Spry, Thomas Walmsley, and others.

On motion, Mr. George R. R. Cockburn was called to the chair, and Mr. McGill was requested to act as secretary.

Messrs. Henry Lowndes and F. M. Purdy were appointed scrutineers.

At the request of the chairman, the secretary read the following report:

The Directors beg to present to the Shareholders the Forty-sixth Annual Report, for the year ending 31st May, 1903, together with the usual statement of assets and liabilities.

Profit and Loss brought forward from 31st May, 1902, \$34,411 44
Premium on New Stock, 35,068 00
The net profits after deducting Charges of Management, interest accrued upon deposits, and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts, were, 174,127 47

Which have been appropriated as follows:

Dividend 3 per cent. paid 1st December, 1902, \$45,000 00
Dividend 3 per cent. payable 1st June, 1903, 45,000 00
Added to Rest, 75,000 00
Reserved for Officers' Pension Fund, 5,000 00
Total, \$170,000 00

Balance of profits carried forward, \$73,606 91

Branches have been established at the corner of Yonge and Carlton streets in this city, and also at Collingwood, Trenton, and Watford.

The Rest Account has been increased to \$500,000, and the Profit and Loss Account now stands at \$73,606.91.

All the offices of the Bank have been inspected during the year.

The business of the Bank continues to show a satisfactory increase.

G. R. R. COCKBURN,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid up, 1,500,000 00
Rest, 500,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward, 73,606 91
Dividends unclaimed, 711 43
Dividends payable 1st June, 1903, 45,000 00
Reserved for Interest and Exchange, 124,687 35
Total, \$2,244,005 69

ASSETS

Gold and Silver Coin, 110,763 15
Government demand notes, 333,638 25
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks, 372,777 41
Balances due from Banks in Canada, 177,886 54
Balances due from Banks in United States, 147,897 38
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation, 70,000 00
Bonds and Securities, 1,276,376 82
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds, 947,636 27
Total, \$3,436,975 82

INLAND NAVIGATION.

N. S. & T. Navigation Co.

Sts. LAKESIDE and GARDEN CITY

ST. CATHARINES

NIAGARA FALLS

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H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,

Western Passenger Agent, Toronto.

BANK OF HAMILTON

In the head office of the institution in Hamilton the thirty-first annual meeting of the Bank of Hamilton was held Monday. On motion, Mr. A. G. Ramsay, Vice-President, took the chair, and Mr. J. Turnbull, General Manager, acted as Secretary.

On behalf of the Directors, Mr. Ramsay submitted the following report:

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

The Directors beg to submit their annual report to the Shareholders for the year ended 30th May, 1903.

The balance at credit of profit and loss account, 31st May, 1902, was, \$44,732 84
The profits for the year ended 30th May, 1903, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are, 335,389 20

From which have been declared:

Dividend 5 per cent., paid 1st December, 1902, \$100,000 00
Dividend 5 per cent., payable 1st June, 1903, 100,000 00
Total, \$200,000 00

Carried to reserve fund from profits, \$100,000 00

Carried to rebate on current bills discounted, 5,000 00

Annual amount written off bank premises, etc., 5,000 00

Total, \$310,000 00

Balance of profit and loss carried forward, \$70,122 04

The Directors have to report with great regret the death of the Hon. A. T. Wood, for long a valued and efficient member of the Board.

John S. Hendrie, Esq., M.L.A., was chosen to fill the vacancy thus created.

This report is my last official act as President of the Bank, as it is to be followed by my resignation as a Director, a position which I have occupied since the organization of the Bank, filling offices, first of Vice-President, and then of President, and during that long period of over thirty years I have watched with much care and interest the rise and progress of the Bank from its small beginning through its whole career of uninterrupted prosperity to its present large proportions and extended sphere of influence. In retiring, I desire to thank the Shareholders for their off-repeated marks of confidence, and I feel proud to be able to leave the affairs of the Bank in the satisfactory condition disclosed by the report.

HAMILTON, 6th June, 1903.

JOHN STUART,
President.

GENERAL STATEMENT

LIABILITIES.

To the public:
Notes of the bank in circulation, \$1,816,536 00
Deposits bearing interest, \$12,623,227 68
Deposits not bearing interest, 3,137,351 73
Amount reserved for interest due depositors, 104,301 20
Total, \$15,864,880 61

Balances due to other Banks in Canada and the United States, 25,155 14

Balances due to agents of the Bank in Great Britain, 322,783 75

Dividend No. 61, payable 1st June, 1903, 100,000 00

Former dividends unpaid, 119 00

Total, \$18,120,474 50

ASSETS.

Capital Stock, paid up, \$2,000,000 00
Reserve Fund, 1,700,000 00
Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted, 60,000 00
Balance of Profits carried forward, 70,122 04
Total, \$3,830,122 04

Gold and Silver Coin, \$342,102 33

Dominion Government Notes, 1,211,475 00

Deposit with Dominion Government as security for Note Circulation, 100,000 00

Notes of and Cheques on other Banks, 484,940 57

Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States, 738,186 19

Canadian and British Government, Municipal, Railway and other Securities, 2,138,344 06

Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable securities, 2,362,368 57

Total, \$7,377,416 72

Notes discounted and Advance current, 13,841,635 32

Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for), 54,420 08

Bank Premises, Office Furniture, Safes, etc., 508,094 01

Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc., 42,091 29

Other Assets, not included under foregoing heads, 45,930 12

Total, \$21,950,596 54

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, May 30th, 1903.

J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

In moving the adoption of the report Mr. Ramsay pointed out that the profits of the year have been of a very gratifying and satisfactory character, considerably exceeding those of the previous year, as well as those of any preceding similar period. He alluded also to the large increase in deposits during the year, showing the increase of confidence on the part of the public in the Bank. He also referred with great regret to the retirement from the Board of Mr. John Stuart, after a continuous efficient service since its organization of the Bank in 1872, and called attention to the fact that at a later stage a resolution bearing on the subject would be submitted.

Mr. Ramsay concluded by moving the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Mr. George Roach and carried.

Mr. Ramsay then asked Mr. Turnbull to read the agreement entered into between the Bank and Mr. John Stuart, which provides for a retiring allowance of \$5,000 a year, payable monthly in advance, for life, and then moved that the agreement of the 6th June, 1903, between the Bank of Hamilton and Mr. Stuart, the late President, be confirmed by the Shareholders.

Mr. William Hendrie, as an original and perhaps the largest Shareholder, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

It was moved by Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., seconded by Mr. Edward Martin, K.C., that the thanks of this meeting be given to the Directors of the Bank for their services during the year.

The motion carried unanimously, and Mr. Ramsay returned thanks for himself and the Board.

Moved by Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. David Kidd, that the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, Inspectors, Agents, and other officers of the Bank, for the efficient performance of their respective duties.

Mr. Hendrie, in moving the resolution, referred to the necessity for an efficient staff of officers, and thought that they should be well paid. The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Ramsay took the opportunity now to say that, as had been already announced, he was, after twenty years' service as a Director, desirous of retiring from the duties of that position, and warmly thanked the Shareholders for the confidence that had been placed in him by continuous election as a Director during these years.

Mr. Alexander Bruce moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Ramsay, which was seconded by Hon. William Gibson, and carried unanimously.

The Scrutineers reported the elections of the following Directors: George Roach, John Proctor, Hon. William Gibson, A. B. Lee, John S. Hendrie, George Rutherford, J. Turnbull.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Hon. William Gibson was elected President, and Mr. J. Turnbull Vice-President.

Births.

Burden—At 69 Spadina road, on the 17th inst., the wife of C. B. Burden of a son.

Elliott—June 16, Stratford, Mrs. W. J. Wilkins—June 13, "Grey Gables," Arthur.

Mrs. M. Wilkins, a daughter.

Cook—June 14, Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Cook, a daughter.

Taylor—June 13, Toronto, Mrs. Frank Denison Taylor, a son.

Ellsworth—June 11, Toronto, Mrs. Walter H. Ellsworth, a daughter.

Anderson—June 12, Toronto, Mrs. Jas. L. Anderson, a son.

Macdonald—June 11, Toronto, Mrs. Jas. Macdonald, a son.

Powell—June 10, Toronto, Mrs. G. L. Powell, a son.

Deaths.

Warren—June 17, Toronto, Margaret Alice Warren, aged